





Class PS 3545

Book A4G5

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1901

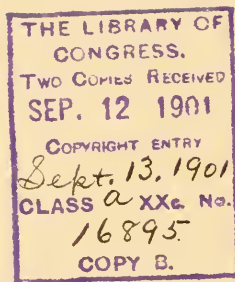
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.











PS 3545  
.A4G5  
1901

COPYRIGHTED BY  
A. I. BRADLEY & CO.  
1901.

Y9A96L1 INT  
2235000 70

## REMARK OF THE AUTHOR.

---

Having been a prisoner of darkness the last fifty years of my life, it naturally befell that a large portion of my reading was accomplished by the eyes and voice of other persons. In this I early noticed that, while getting through a long poem in this way, the uniform recurrence of rhymes at certain measured intervals, in time became somewhat monotonous to the ear. I have therefore ventured in the following pages, while preserving the same metre throughout, occasionally to change the order of rhyming, hoping thereby in a measure to vary, like a brook over uneven ground, the rhythmic flow of the song.

The fourteen-line stanzas are not designed to pass for sonnets, but are employed simply as convenient paragraphs.



# LINES IN MEMORY OF A SISTER,

TO WHOM ALSO

THIS LATER VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

---

Ye glittering gates that lead to endless day,  
Wide open swing, and give my loved one way ;  
Ye choirs angelic 'neath the jewelled towers,  
Yield loving welcome to this ransomed saint ;  
Conduct her gently to the fairest bowers,  
Where rapturous birds fond greeting sweetly chant,  
Refreshing zephyrs softly breathe around,  
And long, delicious, peaceful rest is found.

Ye saints illustrious from the realms of earth,  
Which oft have given divinest heroes birth,  
Spirits refined by ordeals fierce and dread,  
On life's tumultuous billows rudely tossed,  
From martyr-flames and fields of patriot dead,  
Through every kingdom gathered to your host,  
Victors triumphant o'er the blasts of time,  
Welcome this tried one to the Elysian clime.

Ye wondrous prospects of the heavenly land,  
 Decked with the tracery of a matchless Hand ;  
 For ever blooming flowers of myriad dyes ;  
 Ye emerald vales, where crystal streamlets flow ;  
 Groves that with glossy foliage meet the skies ;  
 Ye green-robed mountains, on whose summits glow  
 Craggs that are gems, and gleam in their own light ;  
 Welcome this pilgrim to your regions bright.

Departed kindred in that world of bloom ;  
 Ye gentle sons laid spotless in the tomb ;  
 Thou lovely daughter in youth's budding spring,  
 Pure as a dewdrop on a blushing flower ;  
 Brother about whose life far memories cling ;  
 Parents long rescued from death's vaunting power, —  
 All robed and crowned in heaven's ethereal grace,  
 Receive your dear one to a long embrace.

Infinite Giver of all precious things,  
 Redeemer, Sovereign, Father, King of Kings,  
 I crave thy tenderest care for her we mourn,  
 Who was my watchful angel here below,  
 Whose heart responsive beat when mine was torn,  
 When I rejoiced she felt a kindred glow ;  
 Friend, helper, brave defender, still would be ;  
 Reward my loved one for her love to me.

With sweetest pathos to Thy will she bowed,  
Nor word or thought regretful e'er allowed ;  
In full heroic fortitude she rose  
To bear the pangs of death's malignant tread,  
Not murmuring that her years so soon must close,  
Ere the rich autumn-time of life was fled ;  
But peaceful spake of dearest prospects flown,  
Without a tinge of sadness in her tone.

Immortal Sister, crowned in bliss above,  
Receive this tribute of thy brother's love,  
Who gladly in thy stead had sought the tomb  
(Might such unequal ransom have pleased Heaven),  
To spare thee longer to thy happy home ;  
But to thy loves departed thou art given ;  
Ne'er from fond memory shall thy image fade,  
Till cold in death this trembling heart is laid.

DEC. 3, 1884.





# GLORIA CŒLUM.

---

## PROLOGUE.

No hero famed, no moral needs my verse —  
Shut out from all things else, and hedged around,  
One may be well excused (who might do worse)  
For letting Fancy revel all unbound,  
With wing exultant roaming space profound,  
Like blithesome bird aloft in empty air,  
Ne'er fearing on Himalaya's heights to ground ;  
My Muse thus through the boundless skies may fare  
To view and picture worlds of glowing splendor there.

Perchance from quickened brain their exodus,  
Perchance from inspiration, who shall know ?  
Thoughts unsolicited oft come to us ;  
One sage avers, from Deity they flow.  
I own my ignorance of them, and forego  
A judgment — yes, mid Hertzian, Seismic line,  
Magnetic wave, what tongue their source can show ?  
Like telegrams unheralded they shine ;  
The worst may diabolic seem, the best Divine.

Some minds have intuitions others lack —  
 B has great gifts in music, and can read  
 Its language, where, to save him from the rack,  
 His neighbor C no syllable can proceed ;  
 Hence, he a poverty of gifts might plead.  
 Wherefore, in faith, art, morals, neighbor D  
 Should pass mild judgment on another's creed,  
 Since he himself may less accomplished be  
 In helps to guide him on life's fascinating sea.

The builders of the pyramids had viewed  
 Perchance the Tower of Babel's lofty crown ;  
 While now that tower lies buried where it stood,  
 And gorgeous cities round in dust are prone,  
 Their brilliant annals perished all unknown ;  
 Still Cheops on his broad foundation stands,  
 Earthquake nor elements the pile dethrone ;  
 Great Truth, and Nature, glorious through all lands,  
 Like ample base afford for Fancy's wild demands.

BOOK I.

Those radiant visions on my wondering gaze  
 Of things that in celestial worlds befell,  
 Burst from the darkness in a sudden blaze,  
 And lingered beauteous till I conned them well,  
 Supply, angelic Muse, the heavenly art  
 To paint in order on my venturous page,  
 Fit inspiration to the theme impart,  
 And lend the colors late to fade with age.  
 Assist me to record in rhythmic lays  
 What lofty converse thrilled my listening ears,  
 From angel's lips and seers of olden days,  
 And sapient pilgrims hailed from distant spheres.  
 The rapturous anthems of immortal choirs,  
 That swelled and softened in harmonious verse,  
 Where heaven-taught seraphs swept their golden  
     lyres,  
 Instruct my daring numbers to rehearse.

Some power had borne me to the vaulted sky,  
 Had clothed my spirit with celestial might,  
 With telescopic vision nerved my eye  
 To pierce afar the deep, ethereal night ;  
 Stars dimly viewed before, as suns now glowed,  
 Flamed dazzling Phœbus with intenser ray,  
 In tenfold radiance decked fair Cynthia rode,  
 Beneath in distant loveliness earth lay,

Her continents in grandeur vast outspread.  
 Her oceans, boundless, heaving to and fro,  
 With skies reflected fair, with isles inlaid,  
 Did in one scene their mingled beauty show.  
 As oft some aeronaut of famous skill  
 Mounts through the azure to a lofty height,  
 Fields, forests, cities, seas, beneath him smile,  
 And a far-circling prospect greets his sight,  
 So, from my towering poise in ether leant,  
 Earth's shining photosphere beneath me wheeled  
 From western verge to farthest orient,  
 From Hecla's top to Erebus revealed.

We oft forget our kinship to the skies,  
 And deem the earth a more material world  
 Than those by night that greet our raptured eyes,  
 In dazzling mazes through the azure whirled.  
 I saw earth now among her neighboring stars,  
 A heavenly body moving through the void,  
 Like shining Venus decked, or crimson Mars,  
 Or Saturn vast, with moon and asteroid.  
 Still o'er and o'er the restless orb, propelled  
 With steady motion ever rolling on,  
 As turned by some vast giant unbeheld,  
 Wheeled her fair surface to the dazzling sun,  
 Which glorifies with varied colored rays  
 The mountain tops, flooding with golden light  
 The flowery vales, and tipped with glistening blaze  
 Hills just emerging from the dewy night.

An endless panorama rolls beneath ;  
 Each hour new prospects open on my sight.  
 Here tropic regions gorgeous robes enwreath,  
 There polar zones are draped in spotless white.  
 Here seas roll heavenward on the raging blast,  
 There murmur gently on the beaten shore.  
 Here flower-gemmed prairies, grass-robed pámpas  
     vast,  
 There sparkling cities star the landscape o'er.

Familiar countries first my glance arrest,  
 Where loving kindred bide in joy profound,  
 Where late my steps the verdant fields had pressed,  
 In broad Columbia, blest and glory-crowned.  
 What wondrous change the centuries have wrought,  
 Since first the world's great navigator neared  
 These lonely, undeveloped shores, where nought  
 But dense, primeval forests then appeared.  
 These from the soil obscured the sunny rays,  
 And made the chilling winter tarry long,  
 And long delayed the blithesome vernal days,  
 With bee, and flower, and friendly bird of song.  
 No life was seen save where the vanished boughs  
 Showed that beneath a narrow corn-patch felt  
 The sun, and near, the curling smoke arose

From the sparse wigwams where the red men dwelt.  
 There a rude artist of skilled eye and true,  
 Chipped with deft touch the flinty arrow-head ;

Some Hiawatha formed the birch canoe,  
 And Minnehaha strung the wampum thread.  
 All Nature else was unproductive power,  
 Her boundless possibilities unknown ;  
 She waited hopeful for the destined hour,  
 When richer bloom her lavish strength should crown.

How changed the scenes ! A glorious nation now  
 Succeeds those scattered tribes of barbarous men,  
 And myriad thriving cities sparkling glow,  
 Where all was wilderness uncultured then.  
 Suburban towns and villas cluster round,  
 As children throng about the mater fond ;  
 Here college, churches, hospitals are found,  
 While farms and happy homesteads stretch beyond.  
 Among them splendid rivers winding flow,  
 Whereon unnumbered rapid steamers now  
 Replace the birch canoe of long ago,  
 Or o'er vast inland seas deep-laden plough.  
 For Indian trails the speedy rail-car plies,  
 Whirling its human freight from shore to shore ;  
 On lightning wing the welcome message flies  
 From mountain tops which beacons erewhile bore.  
 Cattle innumerable as the forest leaves,  
 Roam the unsettled plains, possessors free,  
 Until the flow of human life receives  
 New impetus, and crowds them toward the sea.

Now, where that pall of desert gloom once lay,  
 Vast grain plantations take the sunny glow,  
 Or snowy cotton fields their wealth display,  
 And orange groves a golden beauty show.

Far western slopes with peerless fruits abound,  
 Like those of Paradise when earth was young ;  
 There enterprising miners riches found,  
 From whose rude cabins golden cities sprung.  
 A myriad sails from out our harbors press  
 Through every clime to plough the ocean o'er,  
 With fruits and fabrics foreign lands to bless ;  
 A myriad prows returning seek our shore.  
 Huge battleships like giant sentinels  
 Patrol the lengthened coast, within whose walls,  
 Steel-clad, imprisoned Thunder mutely dwells,  
 At whose loosed Roar the mightiest fortress falls.

Here, too, have been the glorious pomp and show,  
 The cruel rage and bitterness of war ;  
 Here earnest millions strove for crowns ? Ah, no ;  
 For human freedom, not their own, but for  
 The helpless slave. It chanced an awful fray  
 Occurred within a forest dense and dry ;  
 The woods took fire, where many wounded lay ;  
 Ye hovering angels, must they burn and die ?  
 Mid wreathing flame and smoke the living bore  
 Their fallen comrades from that double death,  
 Nor stayed to choose 'twixt friend and foeman more ;



But all they rescued from the fiery breath.  
 Roared the wild flames among the trees above,  
 And burning branches crashing fell around,  
 Yet still they toiled, like heroes born of Love,  
 Till the last hapless sufferer was found.  
 An awful picture, living scene sublime,  
 Of beauty, pathos, song ! what epics might  
 Adorn the annals of that crucial time,  
 When a strong nation wrestled for Man's Right !

South, lift the Andes, towering high in air ;  
 Cloud-wreathed and snowy gleam their hoary heads ;  
 Their sides a wild luxuriant verdure wear ;  
 Below her bloom eternal summer sheds.  
 Arbor-fringed rivers from the mountains thread  
 Their winding passage to the distant main ;  
 Between their floods the wondrous llanos, spread  
 Like jewelled carpets, floor the boundless scene.  
 Wild seas of verdure wave they in the breeze.  
 With shifting hues where flowers luxuriant shine,  
 Wild flocks and herds here roam at careless ease,  
 Or peaceful graze, or on the sward recline.

Brazil's wide borders salient rise to view,  
 Where ease and plenty mark the fruitful land ;  
 Her mines with diamonds gleam of fairest hue,  
 Her sylvas dense with rich-grained timber stand.  
 Primeval forests here in grandeur wait,  
 Till growing nations claim their fertile glades ;



And spreading colonies, in ages late,  
 By slow expanse shall clear away their shades.  
 Refreshing plains far up the Andes laid,  
 As if by Heaven designed a cool retreat  
 In fervid climes, in living green arrayed,  
 With peaceful cities crowned, the sketch complete.

Wheels the bright orb around, and islands green  
 Mid ocean's softly rolling waves appear,  
 Thick clad with shining trees and flowery sheen,  
 Whose polished foliage bides the livelong year.  
 Ships of all nations gliding to and fro,  
 Like white-winged birds skim o'er the watery plain ;  
 To Eldorado steers the cleaving prow,  
 Or, deeply freighted, seaward turns again.

Far o'er the wide Pacific, headlands rise,  
 And eastern continents uproll to view ;  
 Night with her shrouded garments backward flies,  
 And glowing morn is there in radiant hue.  
 On sweep the mountains gleaming in the sun,  
 Like shimmering banners in a coming host ;  
 The towering cities catch the light anon,  
 Till day and glory bathe the lengthened coast.

Lo, the Mongolians wake to hail the morn !  
 What millions countless throng the vivid scene !  
 In street or square, on beast or carriage borne,  
 On lake or dune, in wood or meadow green ;

To temples hasting, hasting thence again ;  
 In towns lacustrine, like the men of eld ;  
 Turning their barges to the flowing main,  
 Or reaping harvests in the fragrant field.  
 Swarms a vast populace the empire o'er ;  
 Like one broad city, China lies outspread,  
 With blooming suburbs distant from the shore  
 And wondrous wall against the Tartar laid ;  
 With winding, interlacing rivers bright  
 Whose wave unnumbered freighted barges ply ;  
 See ancient ming-tombs brilliant to the sight,  
 Within whose shades long lines of monarchs lie.

Fair shine the verdant isles that gem the coast,  
 Thick clustering in the sunny seas they stand ;  
 The waves in foam about their crags are tossed,  
 Or roll soft murmuring on the beaten strand.  
 There bloom the spicy grove, the orange bowers,  
 That load with odors sweet the balmy air ;  
 While bright-plumed birds with song beguile the  
     hours,  
 And vernal beauty reigns perpetual there.  
 Among them, mountains tall and fair arise,  
 Carved by majestic energy unseen ;  
 And mantled o'er with ancient forest guise,  
 Or tilled like gardens by the hands of men.

Japan's brave empire sitting on these isles,  
 Now welcomes Western Culture to her shores ;

Emerging from her pagan darkness smiles  
 To see the light, and wisdom's realms explores.  
 Japan, like Tyre, and Briton, mid the seas,  
 Grew bold, excursive, ventured far abroad,  
 Spreading full sails to every prosperous breeze  
 She found to universal lore the road.

Had China welcomed strangers to her climes,  
 Nor closed her gates till war-guns on them beat,  
 She had not been so distanced by the times,  
 Nor borne such ignominious defeat.

Wild mountain chains the continent o'er run,  
 As giant decorations of the scene,  
 In countless forms of massive beauty thrown,  
 Yielding their contrast to the vales between.  
 Chief the Himalayas in full grandeur rise,  
 Eternal monuments of the Infinite,  
 Whose might upheaved those summits to the skies,  
 That catch the first red flush of morning light.  
 Unbroken solitude about them reigns,  
 And endless Winter through the circling year ;  
 The polar zone some breath of Summer gains,  
 But though in torrid clime it comes not here.  
 Far down their steeps the snow-line meets the Spring,  
 Where hardy shrubs and verdure scanty grow ;  
 To beetling crags the tinted mosses cling,  
 While stately pine groves darkly wave below.  
 With cultured fields the warmer slopes are flecked,

The vine, the fruiting tree, the waving grain ;  
 With oft a pleasant cottage scene bedecked,  
 Where love, contentment, smiling plenty reign.  
 Adown the mountain step by step displays  
 A richer verdure, brighter colors beam,  
 To where the vale of Cashmere tempts the gaze,  
 Fair as the vision of an angel's dream.

A wondrous picture India's land presents ;  
 Scenes rich in beauty and historic note ;  
 The classic grove, old forests deep and dense,  
 Where memories dear of saintly Buddha float ;  
 Wide sunny plains with waving harvests crowned ;  
 Embowered villas, princely decked abodes ;  
 Rare monumental splendors dealt around,  
 Proud rivers pouring down Himalayas's floods.  
 Her wildest jungles, wildernesses drear,  
 Seem prospects fair beheld so far below.  
 As pictures that seem roughly drawn, viewed near,  
 At fitting distance placed, with splendor glow.

Here relics of far ages mouldering rest,  
 Old temples reared by worshippers unknown ;  
 Shrines that the priests of countless creeds have  
     blest,  
 From Brahmin, Buddhist, Moslem, Christian, down.  
 And here of old what multitudes have dwelt,  
 And toiled and slept, and mingled with the mould ;  
 Dravidian, Aryans, Coptics here have knelt,

And nameless races lost in centuries old.  
 Yet still to Paynim rites their children cling,  
 And barbarous customs borne from sire to son ;  
 But Heaven and human culture yet may bring  
 Them nobler epochs than their gods have done.

The wheeling orb rolls on, and pass beneath  
 My gaze historic lands, where mightiest thrones  
 And empires have sunk down to endless death ;  
 The still, slow growth of time their crumbling stones  
 Has buried deep ; where millions once had trod  
 In proud, exultant life is solitude ;  
 Nor shepherds feed their flocks, nor light abode  
 Of Arab tent is pitched in field or wood ;  
 But bitterns cry, and wild beasts lurk for prey.  
 Men build these cities not again ; their morn  
 Shall rise no more, though since their far decay,  
 Yet newer lands have nobler empires borne.

Next Palestine, her mountains, waters, vales,  
 I see, and Esdraelon, but where the race  
 Which once possessed these scenes, and now bewails  
 A country lost, and finds no resting place ?  
 Here faithful Abraham pitched his moving tent ;  
 Thence hallowed memories cluster round the land ;  
 To peerless Moses but a view was lent,  
 But conquering Joshua led, with mighty hand,  
 Through parted Jordan longing Israel in ;  
 Here martial David reigned a poet king ;

And Solomon, inspired with gifts divine,  
 To matchless glory did his nation bring.  
 And Canaan glowed a type of heavenly bliss,  
 So rich her cities in that golden age,  
 So fair her flowery plains, like Paradise,  
 And bright as dreams of hope, the prophet's page.  
 Since oft the change from blest to evil fate,  
 As high or low the nation's morals grew ;  
 And oft a champion rose to guide the state,  
 Divinely furnished for the task in view.

And here in lowliest guise Messiah came,  
 The Victor King o'er all devouring death,  
 And gave the land a nobler, dearer fame  
 Than worlds of martial glory could bequeath.  
 Here sacred shrines through time the world shall  
     seek,  
 And consecrated spots forever dear ;  
 No skeptic's page the hallowed spell can break,  
 Nor sordid fancies stay the grateful tear.

Lo, Egypt, sad, mysterious, whelmed with wrong ;  
 From out her dim and storied past no sound  
 Of voices comes, but traces of the long  
 Ago, in tomb and chiselled stone are found.  
 Thebes, Luxor, Karnak, with their works of art  
 And giant-lifted masonry, proclaim  
 That once a mighty nation bore their part,  
 And flourished widely here, leaving their fame



On undecaying monuments expressed ;  
 Their pyramids, whose distant birth was ere  
 The nation's glory had declined, still breast,  
 Like mountains firm, the elemental war,  
 And stand the marvel of each living age,  
 Unshattered even by the earthquake's rage.

South, wilder scenes are to my gaze unfurled,  
 O'er broad, benighted Africa's domain,  
 Where giant Congo's floods are westward hurled,  
 And Nile, Zambesi, Niger cleave the plains.  
 Through prospects varied as the shades of light  
 They wind their tortuous way, or gently flow ;  
 Through defiles rush, or plunge from rocky height  
 With thunderous echo to the glens below ;  
 O'er high plateaus they loitering glide,  
 Reflecting sylvan marge and azure sky ;  
 Or mid the gloom of ancient forests hide,  
 Whose arching, interlacing canopy  
 Of leafy bough, and flower, and clambering vine,  
 Flashing with bright winged birds, shut out the day ;

Through jungles deep and dense their currents shine,  
 Where lurk all foul and deadly beasts of prey ;  
 Through grass-clad, wavy pampas grandly vast,  
 Or ancient deltas' slow-descending plain,  
 With strong, majestic sweep and bated haste  
 They roll their torrents to the swelling main.  
 So gaily leaps and winds, or flows outspread,

The babbling brook from hill-side fountain sprung,  
 Through woodland, mead, rough glen, and thicket led;  
 Till on some mightier stream its tide is flung.

Where rivers flow not, other prospects charm ;  
 In sand-red deserts blooming oases,  
 Grass-clad, and arched above with shadowy palm,  
 Where grateful odors load the welcome breeze,  
 Like emeralds golden set allure the eye.  
 Wide fringed around with verdure green and deep,  
 In high-built valleys broad Nyanzas lie,  
 And catch the rills the solemn mountains weep.  
 Vast rocky heights, in clambering vines o'erlaid,  
 Hold Spring perpetual in her loveliest hue ;  
 Here tangled dells profound the picture shade,  
 There plains ablaze with flowers enrich the view.  
 Yet scarce a trace of human art appears  
 Through all these realms of nature's loveliness,  
 Nor culture-mark of late or distant years,  
 Like those of Ceylon's isle, to mar or bless.  
 No relics bide of ancient glory gone,  
 The unwritten history of eld to bear,  
 No ruined castles, broken columns prone,  
 Nor mound nor monument to yet declare  
 That ever wiser nations flourished here ;  
 Save where the regions border on the main,  
 No thriving towns their shining turrets rear,  
 Nor bustling mart is seen, nor hallowed fane,  
 The savage tribes content from age to age



To live as lived the fathers of their race,  
 And worse (since arts known in some former stage  
 Have vanished thence, nor yet remains a trace  
 Of pre-diluvian skill), give little sign  
 Of better things to come forevermore.  
 The land awaits a nobler race benign,  
 To lay new arts on her benighted shore ;  
 To bid her rivers teem with myriad sail,  
 Build whirring mills along their borders green ;  
 Transform the wild to fruitful hill and dale ;  
 Where prosperous homes adorn the glowing scene ;  
 Bid flying rail-cars speed from shore to shore,  
 Through nations spreading as the ages flee ;  
 Till the dark hunting ground of slaves no more  
 The bounds of Ethiopia shall be.  
 Three centuries of progressive life well nigh  
 Have swept the red man from the western world.  
 Now countless gleaming spires salute the sky ;  
 Where once the smoke of lonely wigwams curled,  
 And boundless forests palled the fertile ground,  
 Or prairie harvests ripened for the flame.  
 But when Caucasians in this land shall found  
 Their cultured empires, and the wilds reclaim,  
 Her tribes must rise to men or disappear  
 Like those once roamed Australian deserts drear.

From sunny Africa's intenser glare,  
 Now turns my roving eye to Europe bright,  
 And beautiful, and picturesque, made fair

By labored art, fond nature, and the flight  
 Of mellowing years. The harem, crescent passed,  
 And minaret, a better order reigns ;  
 Enlightened Christendom appears, and fast  
 Unfolds to view a land of worthier scenes.  
 Here mouldering ruins nobler in their slow,  
 And sad decay, yet more attractive seem  
 For all the varied romance lingering through  
 Their storied past ; on plain and summit gleam  
 The snowy relics of some Parthenon,  
 Or nodding temple, old baronial hall,  
 Or once grand forum, now in ruins prone ;  
 Some ivied castle with his frowning wall ;  
 Or cloistered convent sacred to the dead,  
 Whose aching hearts were bruised and withered there ;  
 Some martial monument where heroes bled,  
 Or column reared fame's gentler names to wear.  
 These bide memorials of the fading past,  
 Still sacred mid the busy haunts of men ;  
 But newer ages different scenes have cast,  
 Where larger progress, broader culture, reign.

Chief rises London in the farspread view,  
 Great mart of commerce, seat of wealth and power ;  
 Of science, letters, art, the patron true ;  
 Heart of a land well graced with fruit and flower,  
 With classic forest, mountain, city, stream,  
 Which drove her venturous sons far lands to trace,  
 Where they could realize Freedom's cherished dream

And where they builded worthy of their race.  
 Near sunny France, vine-clad and forest crowned,  
 With mountain work embossed, with princely seat  
 And sparkling city gemmed, and fringed around  
 With azure billows of three seas that beat  
 Her prosperous shores, a matchless picture shows.  
 Spain's deeply tragical, romantic ground,  
 In polished tropic verdure brightly glows,  
 More fair for Saracenic piles around ;  
 Enriched with Moorish and Castilian gore,  
 Oft poured profuse on many a well fought plain,  
 Through eight long centuries, till o'er the Moor  
 At length, proud Castile held the conquering reign ;  
 Though in those bloody victories were born  
 The fatal causes of her own decline.  
 There Rome in ancient grandeur sits, unshorn  
 Of glorious prestige yet, though less a shrine  
 Of martial pomp than once ; most frequented  
 And famed of all earth's cities still whose long,  
 Eventful history written fair, and read,  
 On battle-field and monument, in song  
 And sepulcher, in massive ruins near  
 And far, through many lands ; in the world's heart,  
 And creed, and culture, reigns without a peer.  
 There Florence glitters, richly dowered in art,  
 Birthplace and tomb of many famous dead ;  
 In floral splendor like a nuptial bower,  
 In architecture to the massive wed ;  
 A queen in beauty still, as once in power.

There Alpine cliffs like needles pierce the sky,  
 Their nether forms enrobed in shadowy pines ;  
 Far seen below sweet blooming valleys lie,  
 Where rustic cots, o'er run with flowering vines,  
 Near grouped together form the village fair  
 Whose grassy streets no clamor echoes from  
 The unfrequent wain, but peaceful lives are there,  
 And unambitious comfort fills each home.  
 Perched on a mountain top, beheld afar  
 Around, some costlier cities sit serene,  
 With radiant prospect blest, and heavenly air.  
 One on a gently sloping plain is seen  
 Backed by the sheltering woods that rise behind,  
 And widely fronted by the billows' play,  
 Where proudly ride with white wings on the wind  
 The bounding ships trailed by the foamy spray.  
 There shine Berlin, Vienna, Venice bright,  
 And many a grand metropolis of old,  
 Whose glorious annals hold for mortal sight  
 Illustrious names as e'er the earth beheld,  
 And records keep of celebrated deeds.

O'er the calm scene to fancy reappears,  
 Like pictures ranged round some memorial fane,  
 Full many a carnage-covered field of tears ;  
 Where countless heroes bleed and die in vain,  
 As brilliant armies meet in deadly fray,  
 Arrayed in glittering martial pomp and pride,  
 Mid cannon's smoke and roar, and clarion's bray,  
 Deluge the regions in life's purple tide.

Magnificent the telescopic view  
 Of city, villa, cot, that greet the eye ;  
 Of winding river, glassy lake, with blue  
 Of heaven deep stained, of mountains wild and high ;  
 Sweet flowery dell, fruit-burdened sunny plain,  
 Versaillian park and garden, royal seat ;  
 Grey olive-clumps, tall palms that kingly reign,  
 And sunny seas that round the margin beat.

Three continents outspread before me lie,  
 Where meet the glowing morn and sable night ;  
 Three empires slumbering neath a starry sky,  
 Here wakeful millions toiling in the light.  
 Here deepening twilight lulls the world to rest,  
 And tired children soft in bed are laid ;  
 The sun-brown laborers from toil released

At welcome homes enjoy the evening shade.  
 Hushed the wild tumult of the day, and wide  
 O'er all refreshing night her veil has drawn ;  
 The gentle flock in sweet repose abide  
 On earth's soft bosom, till the roseate dawn.  
 Fair Cynthia rising bathes the mountain peaks,  
 And snowy sails upon the deep reveals ;  
 Shows the late traveller the goal he seeks,  
 And earth and heaven with solemn beauty fills.  
 God's watchful angels hasting to and fro,  
 Unviewed by those who feel their sacred care,  
 Their love-appointed ministry bestow,

And heavenly blessings to the wretched bear.  
One guards a saintly home from woe and tears,  
That long its circle may in peace abide.  
A home perchance she graced in earlier years,  
But formed too frail for earth untimely died.  
Some over cities stationed, faithful guard  
Keep for the weary slumberers resting there ;  
To quell the raging fire-fiend and ward  
Away the breath of pestilential air.  
Their dazzling spirits on the verge of earth  
Hold the wild winds of heaven in iron check,  
Lest with a cyclone rage they issue forth  
And leave the blooming world a joyless wreck.  
So loosed tornadoes through the forest sweep,  
Crushing the mighty timber in their way ;  
Forth on the open plain then bellowing leap,  
And raze whole cities in their giant play.  
There a strong angel on the darkened sea,  
When howling tempests lash the billows high,  
Turns the fleet vessel from her foaming lee,  
To pass the thundering breakers safely by ;  
Knows not the pilot in that fearful hour  
What hand beside him on the helm is laid,  
But grateful owns the one protecting Power,  
That waters, winds, and spirits, e'er obeyed.  
But heavenly messengers in earthly guise,  
Not seldom mid the haunts of men appear ;  
A child, a brother, oft a friend supplies  
Angelic succor and divinest cheer.



In cot, in palace, on the desert lone,  
 On field of carnage, deep in dismal mine,  
 Attends the fortunate, or hapless one,  
 Some guardian spirit sent by Love divine.

Now sweet, refreshing morn throws back the veil  
 Of sable night, and wakes the world again  
 To busy life, the twinkling stars grow pale,  
 As mounts the king of day, the moonbeams wane  
 Before his dazzling flame. Bright is the view,  
 In morning's earliest rays, of tree and rock,  
 Herb, leaf, and flower, glossed with the crystal dew;  
 Of lowing herds, and all the bleating flock,  
 That rise to feed or gambol on the sward.  
 While blithesome birds their matin melodies  
 On the fresh air of morning pour abroad,  
 The merry shouts of joyous youths arise.  
 Men stronger, braver, for the nightly rest  
 To wasted limb and nerve and tired brain,  
 Go forth anew at love's supreme behest,  
 By fond ambition driven, or bitter pain  
 Of want impelled, to life's heroic deeds.  
 A wide arena far before them lies,  
 Where, like the emmet, patient toil succeeds,  
 And favored natures to distinction rise.  
 All joyous seem; the exceptions few compared  
 With all the magnitude of human bliss;  
 Not true the voice nor worthy of regard  
 That cries: "Man's life a worthless phantom is."

As well might one exclaim with pallid dread,  
 "The earth is but a barren heath unblest,"  
 Because some narrow region lacks for bread,  
 While full, luxuriant harvests crown the rest.  
 The bondman delving at his master's beck,  
 Grim colliers deep in subterranean mine,  
 The hardy sailor on his rolling deck,  
 Sing at their task and oft to mirth incline.  
 Much more the toilers at pursuits refined,  
 Requiring cultured powers of heart and brain,  
 Ply their vocation with a cheerful mind,  
 Content life's bounties with fair cost to gain.  
 So earth is tilled, the boundless ocean ploughed,  
 The mountains tunnelled, mines exhumed below;  
 To countless tasks the busy mortals crowd;  
 To urban centres eager millions flow.  
 As bees upon a summer morning haste  
 Forth from the hive where perfumes lead,  
 O'er blossomed gardens fair or fallow waste,  
 Sweet flowery dell or violet-sprinkled mead,  
 In groups or single, well their labor plying,  
 Piercing the calyx of the unsealed flower,  
 Or eager on the open pollen flying,  
 They toil from morning till the twilight hour.  
 Thus the great city, late so dark and lorn,  
 Her vacant streets all silent as the dead,  
 Starts to new life as wakes the cheerful morn;  
 Her radiating avenues that thread  
 The rural districts stretching far around



Show streaming multitudes of every cast,  
Of every varied calling, thither bound,  
To throng the labyrinths of the city vast.

On highway, tramway, boulevard they come,  
Pedestrian, horseman, don in chariot borne,  
From lordly mansion sped, or cottage home,  
All cheerful in the sweet, fresh air of morn.  
Through scenes diversified their courses run.  
Here fragrant forest trees o'er arch the way,  
Whose heavy boughs shut out the early sun ;  
Resort delightful on a summer day.  
Through sweetly blooming orchard-fields they come,  
Where beauty, perfume, song, regale the sense,  
Past glistening clover-fields in ruddy bloom,  
Which flowering hawthorn hedges neatly fence.  
A sightly farmyard brightens oft the way,  
And rosy milkmaids risen with the sun,  
And bustling fowls launched on their business day,  
Some cackling loudly for the work begun.  
To boastful crowing from the neighboring farm,  
Back telephones the high-voiced chanticleer ;  
Brisk day-old chickens from their brooder warm,  
Start forth reliant on a life career.  
Soft yellow goslings deck the verdant lawn ;  
The early plough-boy singing to his team,  
Hard-straining at the yoke, with mighty brawn,  
Turns the brown furrow to Aurora's beam.  
With all the rhythmic sounds that joyous rise,

The gushing birds their anthem chorus blend,  
 Like grateful song for present Paradise,  
 With organ chords that to the heaven ascend.  
 On through suburban streets the pilgrims press,  
 Their volume swelling at each portal passed,  
 Till in the city lines their ways digress,  
 And to their separate goals all come at last.  
 As rising tides roll up each inland ford,  
 So streams this human flood in every door ;  
 Ten, twenty stories high in air 't is poured,  
 And deep around below the structures o'er ;  
 Fills court-house, office, work room, hall of state,  
 Bazaar and depot, market, shipping pier,  
 Where mighty steamboats lie along for freight,  
 Or stay to cast their import cargoes clear.

What power reigns through a living city vast !  
 At myriad arts what wondrous skill of hand !  
 To mould and fashion works of every cast,  
 From chatelaine watch to royal palace grand.  
 There princely merchants, names with honor crowned,  
 Whose signs date backward to ancestral times,  
 To hold supplies for regions far around,  
 Exchange world-products with remotest climes.  
 What power of wealth to rear memorials there  
 For public weal, by peerless artists wrought ;  
 What brains to scheme for peaceful deeds or war !  
 What gifted pens to lead the world of thought !  
 As beats the heart within the living frame,

Diffusing energy to every part,  
So the great city radiates knowledge, fame,  
Prosperity ; it is the nation's heart.

Such the scant outline of earth's wondrous frame,  
As on her scenes my quickened vision fell,  
A glance alone. To well explore and name  
The myriad minor wonders in detail ;  
Of things that move on earth, in air that float,  
Of rock, tree, flower, fair gems, and precious ore,  
Of ocean, isle, volcanic mountain mote,  
No mortal life could yield the time and lore.  
What marvel, then, that when this radiant sphere  
Was called from darkness, parted from the flood,  
And cast in mould so infinitely fair,  
The heavenly Architect pronounced it good ?

## BOOK II.

Now had the glowing orb wheeled quite around,  
 Yet still enrapt I lingered, gazing wide,  
 And conning o'er the varied scenes that bound  
 My vision ; suddenly a light beside  
 Me brightly shone, and turning I espied  
 A radiant form in heavenly vesture bright,  
 Poised on resplendent wings, celestial dyed,  
 Who smiled with eyes of fascinating light,  
 And thus to me in gentle voice and accents dute :

“ Hail, lonely son of earth ! thy pinions furled,  
 Designed for lofty flight ; why gazest thou  
 Intently so on yonder ancient world,  
 Where thou has spent so many years below,  
 As if thine eyes were strangers to its weal and woe ?  
 Wert thou so happy there, so blest thy stay,  
 So dearly prized thy earthly home thus low,  
 That thou hast viewed it here the livelong day,  
 And still art loth to turn thy loving gaze away ? ”

To whom with modest mien I answered then :  
 “ Angelic being, flown from whate'er skies,  
 Thou art no novice in the lore of men,  
 No junior student in life's mysteries ;  
 For e'en thy noble lineaments apprise  
 Me of thy lofty rank in some bright sphere ;

Possessed of genius high, and culture wise,  
 That find a way through darkest problems clear ;  
 Hence thou wilt quickly ken my loitering errand here.

“ Long was my fate on yonder world to live,  
 In darkness live profound, perpetual,  
 Nor radiant morn beheld, nor golden eve,  
 Which inspiration to the soul exhale ;  
 Nor sculptured mountains viewed, nor blooming vale,  
 Nor Beauty’s smile, nor glance of beaming eye,  
 That gladdens bosoms met in friendly hail ;  
 Nor aught of glory which the heavens supply,  
 While threescore weary years swept grim and joy-  
     less by.

Now from this lofty station to survey  
 Those wondrous sketchings of the hand divine,  
 That such creative eminence display,  
 Is feast of beauty to these eyes of mine ;  
 And common views folk scarcely note as fine,  
 So oft beheld, like Eden’s bowers unroll  
 To my new sight ; accustomed long to pine  
 For sustenance, how would the starving soul  
 Banquet on plainest viands Dives’ hand might dole ? ”

Replied the angel when my words were done,  
 “ Well hast thou answered what I questioned thee ;  
 The earth shines beauteous ’neath the gilding sun,  
 And reason hadst thou, with new vision free,

To long review it in full ecstasy.  
 Having by night of late imprisoned been,  
 Not strange thy longing to burst forth and see  
 The poet Nature's loveliness serene,  
 And from her wanton charms drink inspiration in.

"But worlds erelong shall on thy vision loom,  
 To make thee near forget this planet e'er  
 Had been, except it were thy native home,  
 And fondly prized for whilom memories dear ;  
 And yet more fair shall this bright orb appear,  
 As countless wonder-working ages flee,  
 And bear eternal change in their career ;  
 More need for fertile, healthful lands shall be,  
 As multiply the millions of humanity.

"Mighty earth-moulding forces shall upheave  
 Low, torrid pampas, cooler breath to share,  
 And make the rank, malarial waters leave  
 Morass and fen, the fever-demon's lair ;  
 Sweet eucalyptus groves, by human care  
 Through heated, baleful climes more widely spread,  
 Shall drink up poison from the murky air,  
 And o'er rich lands their healthful incense shed,  
 Like Heaven's own alchemy that wakes to life the  
     dead.

"Fountains in desert wastes shall burst the ground,  
 And with their purling waters multiply

Luxuriant, blooming oases around ;  
 Climatic changes shall transpire, and dry,  
 Forsaken regions, neath a brazen sky  
 For ages parched, shall welcome rainfalls bless,  
 And irrigating streams their wealth supply,  
 While human enterprise and thrift shall press  
 High culture on, and tame the long-time wilderness.

“ Within my memory changes greater far  
 Have passed upon this ancient planet’s mould ;  
 I had a mission to some distant star,  
 The shining orb in Lyra’s cluster scrolled,  
 Long eras backward in time’s records old,  
 Which led me through this region in my flight ;  
 Then earth, a rugged mass, misshapen rolled,  
 Of rocky crust, uncanny to the sight,  
 Tossed, rift, and quivering, in the earthquake’s  
     furious might.

“ Belched groaning forth from wide volcanic rents  
 Fierce glowing lava tides in dazzling glare,  
 Whose molten seas of liquid fire intense  
 Fused rock and ore and gleaming jewels rare ;  
 No verdure grew, no soil, no life were there ;  
 Heavy abysmal clouds of threatening size  
 That oceans bore, hung on the scalding air ;  
 Who could have dreamed a world so rude in guise  
 Would e’er become the fair abode which greets thine  
     eyes ?



" Another phase of earth since Adam's day,  
 Most fatal to the haughty tribes thereon,  
 It was my fortune later to survey,  
 And supervise the mighty ruin done.  
 What time the threatened deluge hastened on,  
 The sons of earth were vastly multiplied,  
 And swarmed the blooming earth from zone to zone ;  
 Thence giant races sprang, of martial pride,  
 Like him of Gath, who Israel's gathered hosts defied.

" Those patriarchs lived a thousand years of eld,  
 And children's children saw around them rise  
 For centuries, and had in youth beheld  
 Men who had seen fair Eve of Paradise,  
 And Adam sage, by intuition wise,  
 And angel converse ere his banishment.  
 What charms surround those far-off memories !  
 But hearts were there on meaner pleasures bent,  
 Like higher brutes, alone with brutish joys content.

" Vast cities had they spread o'er hill and plain,  
 And spacious temples, wrought by art supreme ;  
 Rock-built sepulchers for kingly slain ;  
 Rich, jewelled towers, whose gilded summits gleam  
 Athwart the skies, flushed with Aurora's beam ;  
 High walls of giant masonry arose,  
 Protection strong, which brazen portals gem ;  
 Their ships hailed every shore where ocean flows,  
 As cleaved in later years the venturous Tyrian prow.



“And there were beauty, love, ambition, pride,  
 And hideous crime was there, and mischief vile,  
 And dearth of righteous men, the nations vied  
 With fiends in wickedness, and deadly ill ;  
 They heeded not the threatened deluge, still  
 Delayed, nor feared Heaven’s pending wrath, yet  
     none

The less ’t was surely drawing near ; meanwhile  
 To marriage, ribald song, and feasting, men were  
     prone,  
 And took their fill of joy as they long time had done.

“The fatal morn at length arrived in truth,  
 Not ushered in with wonted proud delight,  
 And song of birds, and joyous shout of youth,  
 And opal splendor thwart the orient bright ;  
 Black, ponderous clouds, appalling to the sight,  
 All through the livelong day poured floods of rain,  
 All through the frightful hours of sable night ;  
 Fierce lightnings flamed, deep thunders rolled  
     amain,  
 The timid quaked with fear and wished ’t were morn  
     again.

“Another morning came, but dark and grim,  
 No purple halo crowned the eastern hills,  
 Still deepening bright, till Phoebus’ yellow rim,  
 Like shield of gold full on the azure wheels ;  
 No heavenly radiance burst the lowering seals,

No painted bow bade vanished hope return ;  
 The inexhausted skies flowed down in rills  
 As though replenished from some boundless urn,  
 Or fed from ocean's strength updrawn by mandate  
       stern.

“Week after week wore wearily away,  
 No baton fell, no hand restrained the blow.  
 Men had seen storm and carnage in their day,  
 And deadly ruin — never such as now ;  
 Fiercely and oft the lightning's flame did glow ;  
 Wildly the tempest gathered, blent with wail  
 Of winds and human voices, and below,  
 The thundering cataract's deep-mouthed hail,  
 And crash of floating palaces that whelmed the vale.

“The mountain torrents formed new flowing streams,  
 Which traversed realms, and cleaved through continents ;  
 As oft a freshet Alpine valleys seams,  
 Those new formed rivers, grown to floods immense  
 Ploughed through the yielding plains deep hollow  
       rents ;  
 Tore through the rocky gorges down the bold,  
 High precipice, with speed and roar intense  
 Were flung, and through the dikes of ocean old  
 A mighty avalanche of thundering waters rolled.

“Nor sped those swollen torrents harmless on,  
 Cities and realms were whelmed beneath their foam ;

From hill and valley swept of every zone,  
 Where teeming millions once had found a home ;  
 O'er every charming landscape rich with bloom,  
 Where proud and haughty nations long had been  
 The careless subjects of a threatened doom,  
 With meaner hamlets scattered oft between ;  
 Now ruin, death, and horror pall'd the dismal scene.

“Not yet the final work was done ; dark swirled  
 The waters where that radiant world had been ;  
 People and floating palaces together hurled ;  
 The mother fond, the babe, the jewelled queen,  
 The hoary sage, the mighty warrior e'en,  
 Beggar and gilded monarch equal laid,  
 Were swept along as bubbles light are seen  
 Upon the tossing wave, then quickly fled  
 Forever ; sank those nations thus among the dead.

“Once wrathful ocean burst Walchereb's dike,  
 And swept his waves a sleeping city o'er.  
 People and palaces it whelmed alike.  
 At morn that prosperous island was no more,  
 But billows raged where cities thrived before.  
 So now the haughty seas, swollen high, uprolled  
 Vast tidal waves across the trembling shore,  
 Which, inland hurled, with sudden rush and bold,  
 Engulfed the fugitives in multitudes untold.

“But some had gained high summits for defence,  
 In hope to escape the doom for conduct vile ;

Vain hope, from shelter driven, and sustenance,  
 Who could outlast that deadly storm ? Meanwhile  
 The accumulated waters that did pile  
 The earth with staggering weight seemed to press  
     down

Each continent and high volcanic isle,  
 And sank at last the mountain peaks ; alone  
 The boundless ocean reigned, all barriers overthrown.

“ Now poured the floods down burning craters deep ;  
 Fierce Ætna’s shaft the roaring waters filled,  
 And lo, a shock that made the mountain leap,  
 And high aloft such tidal billows piled,  
 As ne’er before were heaped on ocean wild ;  
 And from her buried, strangled throat arose  
 Loud monster groans, as if some fiend defiled  
 Were in the frantic, agonizing throes  
 Of death.   Ensued a sudden moment’s brief repose.

“ From pent-up fires beneath then shot on high,  
 Of every fused and molten thing allied,  
 A column vast that flamed athwart the sky ;  
 Loud hissed the sea where rolled a lava tide,  
 The shining billows torn and ruffled wide  
 By fragments filtered through the crowded air.  
 Not one volcano, countless craters plied  
 Their Titan forges with unstinted share,  
 And lighted far-off oceans with their dismal glare.

"Wrenched by the billows from their granite bed,  
 Where they had rested since creation's dawn,  
 The eternal rock-keeled glaciers southward sped,  
 Beheading mountains as they floated on.  
 To guard the Ark upon that ocean lone  
 Till the glad day when all unveiled and clear  
 The dazzling sun again in glory shone,  
 And traced the bow of promise, token dear,  
 Bright on the eastern clouds, had been my mission here.

"Now lies my course toward yonder shining ball,  
 Whose orbit next beyond earth's circle bends,  
 The sphere that gleams with fiery ray, men call  
 Him Mars, upon his shores my journey ends ;  
 If haply thy direction thither trends,  
 And thou new beauteous abodes of bliss wouldst view  
 Together let us journey on as friends,  
 As travellers on thy native planet do,  
 Like those of Emmaus whom the risen Saviour knew."

Most gratefully I claimed the proffered aid,  
 And made his course through starry space my own ;  
 Swift through the ether without pains we sped,  
 As move the spheres with subtle force unknown ;  
 Rode past our line with crescent fair the moon,  
 Refulgent empress of earth's silent night.  
 Pallas and Vesta, Juno, brightly shone,  
 And thousand lesser orbs in borrowed light, [flight.  
 With countless meteors, ofttimes earthward bent in

“Of these my guide descanted in our course,  
 And much unrolled the marvels of the sky,  
 Discoursing free of motion, being, force,  
 Heat, light, attraction, mysteries deep and high,  
 Explaining wonders as we passed them by ;  
 When from these themes he ceased, and paused  
       awhile,

As though expectant of some brief reply,  
 Scarce venturing words, I said, “ Ills of some style,  
 With heavenly love, t’ is puzzling oft to reconcile.

“ Of sin each man is author of his own,  
 And may not blame another for his deed,  
 Since he has power within himself alone  
 To choose what moral path he will proceed,  
 And nothing can his right intent impede ;  
 But why such thorny places in man’s way,  
 To trouble, tempt him, overcome, mislead,  
 Like armies stern against him in array,  
 To make him curse, like desperate Job, his natal day ? ”

“ Vast is the problem,” he replied, “ complex,  
 And wide of import as the boundless skies ;  
 Where most the wondrous theme thy thoughts doth  
       vex,

And doubts within thy busy brain arise,  
 My long experience broader view supplies.  
 I may perchance afford the hopeful aid,  
 And show that Providence is ever wise,

That mercies for the best may be delayed ;  
By hasty reasoning sad mistakes oft-times are made.

“ Evil the exception is, and not the rule ;  
Behold thy neighbors happy all around !  
Unpleasant fortune is the highest school ;  
Improved, 't is like the seed in goodly ground,  
And yields in harvest happiness profound.  
Lo, fortunate and blest the man whom God  
Esteems as worthy of correction found !  
Who patiently endures the chastening rod ;  
Thus thousands have been schooled, whom nations  
long applaud.

“ 'T is said a poet should be soldier too,  
Physician, sculptor, one who music knows,  
A voyager widely o'er the boundless blue,  
Absorbing grandeur where vast billows pose ;  
Should traverse lands where tropic summer glows ;  
Be chaplain for the dying and the dead,  
To drink in pathos from a brother's woes ;  
To know it all, he needs be crushed and bled  
Himself awhile, like flower-wreathed plains which  
armies tread.

“ So all life's varied, changeful scenes combine  
To raise man higher, and augment his power.  
Borne e'er on flowery beds of ease supine,  
His heaven-born gifts would downward sink each hour,



Like those enticed within Acrasia's bower,  
 Or Afric's idle sons with lessening brain ;  
 But brave endeavors in fruition flower ;  
 Man's being is expanded by the pain,  
 Whether the thorns to shun, or else the fruit we **gain**.

" As said before, life's joys and woe compared  
 Leave ill a trifle with the good bestowed ;  
 For days and weeks of painful being shared,  
 Full scores of years with bliss are overflowed.  
 Some narrow region pines perchance for food,  
 While all around in luxury are fed,  
 And rich abundance fills each glad abode ;  
 Then fleet-winged ships are o'er the waters sped,  
 To bear in joyous haste the starving nation bread.

" Some land may groan with pestilence full dire,  
 When all the world beside with health is blest ;  
 There cities perish by volcanic fire,  
 Then centuries long the burning craters rest,  
 And only mutterings haunt the mountain's crest ;  
 By sanguinary war brave armies bleed,  
 And peoples for a time are sore distressed,  
 But by that bloody strife perchance are freed  
 A nation's slaves ; more prosperous eras then succeed.

" Nor deem that earth alone sad evil stains,  
 'T is in the very structure wrought of things,  
 And cannot be escaped where matter reigns ;



From Nature's perfect law transgressed it springs  
 And grows amain from wrong imaginings ;  
 The vestiges of evil thou wilt view,  
 As o'er the starry worlds thou spread'st thy wings,  
 In fairest planets, some of which roamed through  
 The recreant angel throngs, which bade their heaven  
 adieu.

And now the ready questions to thy tongue  
 May rise, ' Why does not pitying Heaven awake  
 In sudden judgment, and avenge great wrong,  
 And public crime, that to His justice make  
 Appeal, and stay the agony, and break  
 The offender's power ? ' Not strange the questions  
 seem,

Unanswerable long by hearts that ache ;  
 Still silent are the skies ; the Judge Supreme  
 Afar, in seeming apathy regards the theme.

" The mills of God move slowly, like the stars,  
 Yet grind exceeding small ; realms drawn within  
 Their noiseless wheels come forth with mortal scars.  
 So haughty Tyre and Babylon for sin  
 Went down ; they looked not for such ruin in  
 That day, when dazzling prospects brightly bloomed ;  
 Yet Tyre from her foundations was swept clean,  
 And Babylon neath mould of centuries tomb'd,  
 To lie forever waste and desolate, was doomed.

"Some monster crimes upon themselves recoil,  
 And bring at length their own avenging hour,  
 Like haughty, cruel Spain, who from her soil  
 Expelled the thrifty Jew and gallant Moor,  
 Tortured and ravished in her wanton power ;  
 Then from each hill and blooming valley wide,  
 As ravening beasts their weaker prey devour,  
 She burned the Christians in her bigot pride,  
 And turned rich streams of her prosperity aside.

"No less the young republic of the west  
 Received a bloody chastisement for wrong  
 Done to a hapless stolen race oppressed,  
 Enchained in bitter bondage fast and strong,  
 Like Israel, where their foes required a song."  
 Now was the wheeling orb not far away,  
 Which claimed a visit from my heavenly guide ;  
 The dazzling sun upon it poured full day,  
 And as with silent speed we onward hied,  
 Each moment forms more clearly we descried.  
 The snowy poles first drew our eager sight,  
 And flowing seas like mirrors spreading wide ;  
 Then mountain ranges raised to lofty height,  
 Like vast Himalayas towering in the crystal light.

But wide between in roseate golden hue  
 Bright cloudy realms obscured the scene below,  
 Yet wide between was unobstructed view ;  
 There noble rivers gleamed, meandering slow

Through fertile vales that basked in summer glow  
 Of fruits and flowers, with forests girt around.  
 Well cultured fields did generous harvests show ;  
 Unnumbered cattle roamed the fallow ground,  
 While peopled cities bright the living picture crowned.

'T was wonderful to rest apart and view  
 The busy orb around so swiftly sped,  
 Nor lose the vessels from their waving blue,  
 Nor throw the ocean from his hollow bed ;  
 Nor yet the mountains topple from their grade,  
 To fall and pierce what seemed the nether cloud,  
 Like screens beneath an acrobat outspread.  
 They held their proper place erect and proud,  
 Nor heeded aught which way their moving summits  
     bowed.

Adown the darkened east they rode, where moon  
 And twinkling stars should light their shadowy way ;  
 In the refulgent west arose fair dune,  
 And forest, flowery field, and leafy spray,  
 Glossed with the dewy sheen that on them lay,  
 Gathered along their rapid nightly tour ;  
 The slumbering flocks arise to greet the day ;  
 The streams, still clinging to their pebbly shore,  
 Join music with the birds in branches twining o'er.

Now woke those cities from their quiet rest,  
 And poured their people forth to conscious bliss.

Like holiday the vision seemed so blest ;  
 No living form, no prospect seemed amiss ;  
 The gentle perfumed breeze breathed happiness ;  
 And groups of flower-decked maidens, heavenly fair,  
 Like some poetic, ideal Beatrice,  
 Roamed halcyon groves ; and festal throngs were  
     there  
 Of statelier mould, and songs flowed on the tranquil  
     air.

The rail-car fleet, the electric written line,  
 And methods distant sound to hear with ease,  
 And curious arts they had, and all the fine  
 Accomplishments that polished nations please ;  
 And instruments for guide across the seas ;  
 And telescopes to penetrate through space,  
 Where rest sublime, unfathomed mysteries,  
 Which high, aspiring natures long to trace,  
 Like birds imprisoned in too narrow biding place.

In such a spot to meet those works of art,  
 So like to things of earth, might wondrous seem,  
 Though neighboring spheres, yet ofttimes wide  
     apart,  
 But both with thronging angel heralds teem,  
 Who could transfer each beneficial scheme  
 From one to other as the want was known ;  
 So Tyrian sailors roamed to earth's extreme,  
 Transported Jews to distant Albion,

Exchanging arts and treasures with earth's farthest  
zone.

No trace of war that goodly planet showed,  
No battered castle, frowning wall or fort ;  
Begrimed in deadly wrath with kindred blood ;  
No slaver-mart, or lazar-ship in port ;  
No steel-clad navies o'er those seas did sport,  
Like threatening foe to unarmed traveller ;  
But gallant barks with flag of friendly sort  
Rich benedictions to all lands did bear ;  
Such beauty, peace, abundance, graced the dwellers  
there.

Now when my sage attendant drew aside,  
Accomplishing the task to him assigned,  
I strayed unmindful where my steps might guide,  
And on a river's verdant bank reclined,  
Neath leafy canopy above me twined ;  
When suddenly my wandering gaze fell on  
Two earth-born pilgrims, long time out of mind,  
Yet once to me in former times well known ;  
Within our eyes glad gleams of recognition shone.

When some far-travelled voyager, exiled long,  
At length on foreign shore by fortune thrown,  
Where strange-tongued folk the busy landing throng,  
By chance directs his roving gaze on one  
Of kindred race, and language like his own,  
They quickly meet with joy and pleased surprise ;

Then themes unnumbered to their lips arise,  
 Of wonders seen, and friends long parted from their  
     eyes.

'T was e'en the same, our meeting on that sphere.  
 Three earth-born tourists on a foreign shore ;  
 I anxious most of wondrous things to hear,  
 In heavenly worlds their eyes had revelled o'er,  
 And they long absent were desirous more  
 Of native home and friends beloved to learn,  
 And earthly scenes they mingled in of yore ;  
 Not that they were forbidden to return,  
 But heavenly tours in view would long that bliss  
     adjourn.

Around and listening to our long discourse,  
 The happy tenants, gathered in fair guise,  
 Who owned us with them offspring of one source,  
 Great Author of the angels, and the skies,  
 Exhaustless Fount of all felicities ;  
 Well pleased were they of earthly things to hear,  
 As we of scenes familiar to their eyes ;  
 Our planet shone to them a heavenly sphere,  
 More greatly honored then when not beheld too near.

My heavenly guide returned, we bade adieu  
 To Mars, and sped to reach the distant sun ;  
 Fair Venus past us in her orbit flew,  
 And far beyond hot Mercury, the one

O'erwhelmed with solar light, was hasting on.  
 We planned our course to intercept his flight,  
 And note what marvels in his fiery zone,  
 What things and people might amaze our sight ;  
 Nor long we waited for the coming vision bright.

Soon rolled upon our gaze the brilliant sphere,  
 A beauteous scene in close proximity,  
 Fair as some heavenly dream-land might appear ;  
 Less were the mountains, less the flowing sea,  
 The rivers less that to its bosom flee,  
 The flora, fauna dwarfed from those of earth  
 Or martial ground, yet beautiful to see ;  
 The trees in glittering foliage showed no dearth  
 Of fruits, the flowering fields breathed richest per-  
     fume forth.

The people, for they seemed like men, though less  
 In size than those which met my wondering gaze  
 On ruddy Mars, — a genial, happy race,  
 Not differing much from men in busy ways.  
 But why, I asked, so in the solar rays,  
 Is Mercury not scorched with burning heat ?  
 Men deem it like a fiery world ablaze  
 With light insufferable, meet  
 Abode and prison house for fiends in crimes complete.

“In this they greatly err,” he said ; “not so  
 The glorious Architect of all doth light



And warm his myriad worlds creation through,  
 With these too hot and those too cold, none quite  
 The proper thing, scarce one in ten made right  
 For use benign to blissful tenantry ;  
 The rest mere empty ballast in vain flight,  
 Like derelicts upon a boundless sea,  
 With no career beyond, or worthier destiny.

“ This brilliant orb thou seest is small in size,  
 His sharp convexity at angles wide  
 Reflects the solar beams, whose energies  
 Thereby are much impaired and turned aside,  
 As missiles from a rounded turret glide ;  
 So with a lofty mountain’s oval dome,  
 His rapid curves the solar rays divide,  
 And leave the wintry height in chill and gloom.  
 Hence oft in torrid climes hoar snowy summits  
     bloom.

“ Were Jupiter’s vast bulk swung in this blaze,  
 With his but slightly curved cretaceous plane,  
 Reflecting so direct the flashing rays,  
 His trend would be to Chaos’ wild domain.  
 Where now he rolls afar, with moons in train,  
 His nightly hemisphere to silver o’er,  
 His broad, reflecting disk throws back again  
 The sunlight so direct, that who explore  
 Will find due heat and radiance on his distant shore.”



At Mercury the glowing sun revealed  
 A grander magnitude than to the view  
 Of men below appeared, yet more it swelled  
 Abroad, and brighter grew apace, as through  
 The chilling ether speeding on we flew ;  
 Close to his vast domain, as to the eye  
 A tiny coin shuts out the ethereal blue,  
 His mighty bulk looms through the spacious sky,  
 Around, above, and seemed to eclipse infinity.

His broad circumference, which puts to shame  
 The planet worlds, a billowy ocean rolled,  
 Of unapproachably fierce, wreathing flame ;  
 Such dread immensity of power untold,  
 Which who from distant earth could well behold ?  
 Such boundless realms with raging fire o'erwrought,  
 Bright as the glittering streams of molten gold,  
 Or silver newly from the finers brought,  
 Like energy Supreme o'erwhelms and dazzles thought.

By chance, from some high tower at dead of night,  
 One views a conflagration dire,  
 Which sweeps a goodly city from her site ;  
 Wild, roaring seas of wreathing, darting fire,  
 Consume her glory in their furious ire ;  
 Here, eddying flames are madly whirled around ;  
 There, blazing columns to the heavens aspire,  
 Where magazines explode with thunderous sound,  
 Whose hail of burning fragments heap the quivering  
 ground.

Upon his dazzled vision bursts a flash,  
 Where cotton depots suddenly ignite ;  
 Then reeling, tumbling walls, with deafening crash  
 Go down, and add new terrors to the sight ;  
 Imprisoned oil breaks forth with deadly blight,  
 Flooding with liquid fire wide regions o'er ;  
 Takes pier and shipping in its rapid flight ;  
 Like hungry fiends the flames all prey devour,  
 And o'er the wreck in flaunting rage triumphant tower.

This were a spark to what we now beheld ;  
 Around, above, on every side the glow  
 Of fiery waves, forever tossed and swelled,  
 Square leagues by millions in the mighty flow  
 Here, upward hurled as by electric throe ;  
 There, torn with raging cyclone fierce and dread ;  
 But glittering white the surface gleamed below,  
 As from unnumbered burning craters fed,  
 Or flames electric flashing from some hidden bed.

The swift-revolving sun each moment rolled  
 New dazzling visions on my wondering sight ;  
 Some darker spots would here and there unfold,  
 But all was blaze, intense, terrific light,  
 Complete effulgence, infinitely bright.  
 We turned aside behind a neighboring star,  
 Where cooling nightly shadow did invite,  
 To note on what this glory shone afar  
 Around, to where dim Neptune rolls his distant car.

We thought he should have lighted myriad spheres,  
 Could all have safely circled round his zone ;  
 But each must keep the track whereon it steers  
 With moons in train, and all the time its own,  
 Nor stay at turnout for a signal shown,  
 Nor wait dispatch to know all clear ahead ;  
 Lest by mishap from out its orbit thrown,  
 Some neighboring rover should astray be led ;  
 Hence planet worlds were on the ecliptic sped.

Hail, glorious orb of day, whose powerful rays  
 Color on far-off worlds each opening bud,  
 Each sparkling gem, that paint with heavenly blaze  
 The morning, evening sky, the changeful cloud,  
 And ail their seas, and varied landscapes flood  
 With charm sublime of matchless beauty bright .  
 Warming the soil to yield their tenants food ;  
 Which bathe their crescent moons with silvery light,  
 To deck in radiant sheen the sweet domain of night.

Once poets sung the time of thy decay,  
 When thou like mortal things must yield to fate,  
 No more at dawn to wake the rapturous day  
 And drive refulgent through the heavens elate,  
 Nor linger glorious in thy western gate ;  
 But slowly fading as some hero dies,  
 When numerous years his normal powers abate,  
 "Shalt sleep within thy clouds, and fail to rise,  
 Heedless when morning calls thee to the waiting skies."

Not so we deem the Immortal formed thy fires,  
But resurrecting life within thee cast  
To shine refulgent mid the starry choirs,  
Through all the sequences of time to last ;  
Till worlds maturing now in Chaos vast  
Shall add their music to heaven's melodies,  
And as new habitable worlds be classed ;  
There wilt thou shine on glories yet to rise,  
Nor fade like empty cloud-form from the eternal  
skies.

## BOOK III.

Now from the solar realms a wondrous large  
Abyss before us lay, to where  
Great Sirius rolled, an ample safety marge  
Between their clashing rounds, no worlds were there.  
Launched on this trackless gulf of ether rare,  
The nearest constellation was our goal ;  
Approaching which, new solar systems fair,  
And vastly grand, did to our sight unroll ;  
No longer seemed those ponderous orbs a starry shoal.

Afar a fleet of snowy sail may sleep  
Against the distant sky, then, clustering near,  
White flecks they seem upon the tranquil deep ;  
But on advancing toward the scene appear  
As towering forms and, widely severed, sweep  
The foaming main ; so Canis major here  
His shoal of twinkling stars asunder drew,  
Till each a distant sun blazed on our view.

A brood of rapid planets wheeled around  
Each central orb, in every varied guise ;  
These crescents seemed, those with full radiance  
crowned ;  
Some turned their nightly prospects to our eyes,  
Where wealth of silvery moonlight did abound,  
And glowing beauty of the starry skies.

They wheeling, circling, ever onward go,  
In wondrous mazes with their pageant show.

A distant world of Sirius first we gained  
Upon the sunless side, in nightly shade  
Save where volcanic fires a light sustained,  
And wide around their burning embers laid,  
While fiery fragments from the welkin rained.  
O'er the rough marl bright streams of lava played ;  
The smoky clouds obscured the luna rays,  
And hid from view the gorgeous starry blaze.

We passed it to the sunlit side  
And there beheld a crude and rugged world uncrowned  
As yet with beauteous form or outline fair,  
Far from the finished state ; no rivers wound  
Their devious way, the ocean gulfs were bare ;  
Yet mighty forces were at work around  
Upon the rocky crust, with Titan throe,  
And forging wonders in the depths below.

Next came we on a gorgeous planet near  
To Sirius, which his sapphire beams enfold ;  
In magnitude beseemed the brilliant sphere  
A thousand times the bulk of earth's full mould,  
And all its forms harmonious did appear ;  
Four moons about its ample contour rolled,  
Whose generous gleamings brightly burnished o'er  
The bounding seas and wide extended shore.

Upon the sunlit side was Paradise ;  
 All flowering plants of bloom perennial,  
 Like Eden's flourished in divinest guise ;  
 They gemmed the hills, they carpeted the vale,  
 Embowered old crumbling ruins in fair dyes,  
 And danced with waving boughs upon the gale ;  
 Delicious fruits, in ruddy, golden hue,  
 Hung on the burdened trees in tempting view.

Dense, towering forests in that climate throve,  
 Their mighty forms with silvery beards agleam ;  
 The vast sequoia growth of Fresno's grove,  
 Or fair Tuolom's glade, not equalled them.  
 High rose the mountains through the blue above,  
 Magnificently carved in grace supreme,  
 With songful, foaming cataracts aflow  
 To form grand rivers for the plains below.

All o'er those spacious realms was solitude,  
 And lingering vestiges of glory gone,  
 The crumbling relics of a kingly brood ;  
 Cities half whelmed in dust through ages blown,  
 Some deeply buried, scarce their turrets viewed,  
 Some with primeval forests overgrown,  
 Whose mossy trunks showed glittering spires between  
 Which tell what dazzling splendor there had been.

As Herculaneum all forsaken lay  
 For centuries, deserted and unknown,



And Babylon a home for beasts of prey  
 Became, her palaces forsaken, lone,  
 So now these rest in splendor of decay,  
 With all their life and primal glory flown,  
 Like Autumn's forest beauty, fair yet sad,  
 Where once bright spring had made all nature glad.

Some massive temples stood, and columns tall,  
 On Mesas built, yet perfect as of yore,  
 With jewelled frieze and sculptured capital,  
 With lettered wall and pillars written o'er,  
 Where voices from the distant ages call,  
 And tell why chanced such ruin on their shore,  
 And what illustrious race these towers had reared,  
 And why so suddenly thence disappeared.

Long were the annals on those tablets writ,  
 By fingers deft, fair chiselled in relief ;  
 To reinscribe the themes in language fit  
 Would call for years and volumes — this the brief :  
 “ A race angelic here once held their seat,  
 Their lives with boundless blessing crowned, their  
     chief  
 Ambitious grew ; aspired to reign as God,  
 Unequal proved, and lost this fair abode.

“ They fought with Heaven, were vanquished, exiled  
     thence.  
 Since these elysian fields deserted lie,



A long memorial of such black offence ;  
 Remains unanswerable the question why  
 Those beings, dowered with heaven's intelligence,  
 Should hazard their supreme felicity,  
 And wreck their fortune through eternal life,  
 To join with Godhead in that hopeless strife.

“ Within a temple, on fair walls portrayed,  
 Were scenes where serried millions, brave and strong,  
 Stood front to front, in martial pomp arrayed,  
 Contending fiercely, these for right, those wrong.  
 Wildly around the flashing weapons played,  
 And swift the bannered legions swept along.  
 A sudden flash — the rebel columns broke,  
 Struck cold and palsied, as by lightning stroke.  
 In gulfs wide opening where the vanquished flew,  
 Like Korah's train they disappeared from view.”

Some happier pictures on the wall were laid,  
 Of elder times, ere pride had been their bliss ;  
 Bright festal scenes, in colors strong conveyed,  
 Still bore remembrance of their paradise ;  
 There stranger pilgrims 'mong the ruins strayed,  
 Noting the sculptured piles that reached the skies,  
 Tracing the annals of that fallen race,  
 Pondering meanwhile their infinite disgrace.

Here Dante strayed, reposeful still and bold,  
 As was his wont of yore on Tuscan grounds ;

Yet something vexed because he laid of old  
 His scenes infernal in such narrow bounds,  
 Ill suited to the multitudes enrolled  
 Therein, as now, full well amazed, he found.  
 So more of glory, more of shame we find,  
 As spreads the vision of the expanding mind.

Pain marked his musing brow, as with slow gait  
 He gazing roved among those realms of blight,  
 Where Lucifer once reigned in princely state,  
 The chief archangel o'er his millions bright ;  
 Who thronged the planet on that early date,  
 And might eternally have dwelt in light,  
 And boundless, inextinguishable bliss  
 Exchanged for self-wrought woes remediless.

Beside a fane, upon a flowering plot,  
 In shady grove, a group of tourists sat  
 Discoursing free of things around, and what  
 Befell upon those shores, of ancient date ;  
 I listened to them with attentive thought,  
 And thus the strain of one I may relate.  
 "Wretched," said he, "as is the fortune drear  
 Of those who once possessed this heavenly sphere.  
 It seems deserved and just, since without cause  
 They boldly tempted their disastrous fate.  
 A mutineer perchance might break the laws  
 Because of brutal captain, or harsh mate,  
 A murderer for nameless wrong that gnaws

The heart and will not unavenged abate ;  
 But these beneath a kindly reign rebelled,  
 With naught of grievance 'gainst the Sovereign held.

Those angels still rebellious stand and proud,  
 And to Heaven's loyal subjects malice bear,  
 Ofttimes concealed like friends in saintly shroud ;  
 Much evil have they wrought in regions fair,  
 And much below, in hapless man's abode.  
 He, of their mighty treason unaware,  
 Was less a rebel than his wily foe,  
 Hence mercy found to mitigate his woe.

Adam the first, if not the best of men,  
 Was perfect made, his nobler powers, and stress  
 Of passion, equal poised to check and reign  
 Each other in their motion to excess ;  
 Dowered with all gifts his nature could sustain,  
 And angel Eve around to crown his bliss ;  
 And thus he might have reigned from blemish free,  
 A pure example to his progeny

(As many mortals later have defied  
 All fiendish arts, unswerved from virtue still,  
 Though born with taint of passion, taint of pride,  
 And thronged about with fair decoys to ill),  
 Had not the Tempter on his passion side  
 Assailed him with adroit, angelic skill ;  
 And he, unused to aught of dark deceit,  
 Went down a wretched victim in defeat.

Then he, as guilty men oft since have tried,  
 E'en multiplied his fault a thousand fold,  
 The first offence to cover up and hide ;  
 So crime on crime accumulating rolled,  
 As on a shallow beach the flowing tide,  
 Till humankind was to perdition sold.  
 All this the arch-fiend counted on before ;  
 Hence lies the vast undoing at his door.

None ventured speech upon the wrong to Heaven,  
 The base ingratitude for bliss conferred,  
 God's harmony by warring factions riven,  
 And martial clangor through Elysium heard,  
 Like some fair country to commotion driven  
 By anarchists, or haughty rebels stirred,  
 Till tides of blood fraternal reeking flow,  
 And scarce the nation 'scapes from overthrow.

One spoke of woes Sin brought upon our race,  
 By bent to evil in our nature bred ;  
 With passion's floodgates oped a little space,  
 The ruin quickly gains resistless head.  
 So deepens, widens with a rapid pace  
 The little streamlet o'er the dike once led,  
 Till ocean torrents through the channel roar,  
 And wide destruction whelms the lowlands o'er.

Nor to man's heart alone the wrong was done,  
 Through all life's avenues the damage lies ;

The blameless earth with thorns and briers sown,  
 The weary planters' toil thrice multiplies ;  
 Where polished nations might have nobler grown,  
 Degenerate tribes abound, and culture dies ;  
 Long time kind Heaven awaits to raise again  
 Earth's fallen sons to wise adoring men.

That human life is grander for the Fall,  
 Enriched with more of pathos, love and power,  
 Like some tried nation by the bitter gall  
 Of civil discord, and war's crimson dower,  
 No credit 's due to him who caused it all.  
 He meant to bring no hope-transcending hour ;  
 His ruling purpose was the bold design  
 To thwart and overcome the will divine.

The great Disposer of all life's events,  
 Who formed the dazzling Sun that gilds each morn,  
 And glorifies the ethereal blue immense  
 With flaming gems that sable night adorn,  
 With patient love repaired the dire offence,  
 Nor left to hopeless death the race forlorn.  
 Like healing balm upon a bleeding wound,  
 Divinest ministry for man was found.

Among the precious boons with Eden lost  
 Was intercourse with Heaven, the voice Divine ;  
 No more for long with freedom could be crossed  
 The awful barrier round Jehovah's shrine.

Then people questioned of heaven's starry host,  
 Or Delphic altars for the whispered line ;  
 Or read in flight of birds, or entrails scanned,  
 Some fancied message from the unseen land.

To Prince Melchisedec, a saint of old,  
 To Enoch, Noah, him from distant Ur,  
 To just Cornelius, with the blest enrolled,  
 'Twas given with glittering angels to confer,  
 Who bore them tidings from the streets of gold,  
 Fair gleams of hope from heaven's great Almoner,  
 Like bursts of sunlight from a storm-veiled sky ;  
 Rare gifts to mortals ere the hour to die.

To favored Israel, most illustrious race,  
 People distinguished by a code divine,  
 With trembling heard round Sinai's awful base,  
 Confirmed and glorified by wondrous sign ;  
 To them 't was given, in boundless love and grace,  
 To have within that long sought Palestine,  
 Veiled from unhallowed gaze, a sacred shrine,  
 An emblem sweet, a mercy seat divine.

Then reverend prophets in the world arose,  
 With search-light vision through the events to be,  
 And wrote in rhythmic verse, or stately prose,  
 And through the darkening past could clearly see,  
 As one whose memory ages backward flows.  
 Perchance angelic lips of melody

Had whispered to the dreaming seer of old,  
And of creation's earlier glories told.

Thrice happy race to whom the Adoption came,  
The Glory, Covenant, and written Law,  
God's Service, Promises, and mighty Fame,  
Which thrilled the warring nations round with awe.  
Not yet is blotted from the earth their name ;  
Nor can iconoclast oblivion draw  
Its sable curtain o'er their strange career,  
So linked with all humanity holds dear.

"'T was strange," said one, "divine tradition failed  
So soon, since patriarch Noah should have known  
And mingled with the righteous men of eld,  
Who could narrate, from Adam handed down,  
Great truths his nobler sons had sacred held,  
As monarch's children guard the ancestral crown ;  
But in my day were thousand gods adored,  
Too many clothed with attributes abhorred.

"I woke to being on earth's tragic stage,  
But not upon her most benighted shore ;  
My home was Hellas, near the Golden Age ;  
Mine were her paynim customs, mine her lore ;  
I knew her heroes, and her statesmen sage ;  
Was at Mars' hill, and on her senate floor ;  
I roamed her cities, trod their classic grounds,  
Fought in her battles, suffered in her wounds.



" I stood on Marathon's immortal plain,  
 And saw the warring nations gathered there,  
 In raging conflict victory to gain,  
 Whose flashing weapons cleaved the quivering air,  
 And heaped the dust with columns of the slain ;  
 I saw Miltiades the triumph share ;  
 And Aristides just, though doomed to shame ;  
 And countless heroes born to endless fame.

" Greece then had glory, sage, and chiefs renowned,  
 Triumphs in war and peaceful scenes combined ;  
 Unrivalled artists, long with honor crowned,  
 Rich poesy, and eloquence refined ;  
 Fair, snowy structures graced her hills around,  
 Illustrious temples where her gods were shrined ;  
 Altars of incense, pleading to the skies,  
 Whose curling smoke, ' Unrest of spirit,' cries.

" With no true revelation from on high,  
 Writ by the Hand that fashioned nature's frame,  
 Men followed where they saw most pleasure lie,  
 Nor knew what course to approve, or what to blame ;  
 Not strange that many did affront the Sky,  
 Such earnest passions in their breasts would flame,  
 Which lured them downward where death's snares  
     were laid,  
 Like voyagers on the Siren isle betrayed.

" We strayed at midnight neath the starry sky,  
 And anxious questioned of those worlds serene,



Which glow undimmed, while countless eons fly,  
Yet tell no tale of their far origin.

We saw no token in the things that die  
That lifeless man should rise from dust again ;  
We saw fresh verdure springing to the light,  
Whose beauty late had withered from our sight ;

“ We saw young leaves reclothe the naked bough,  
New dazzling flowers burst forth in fragrant bloom ;  
But beauteous, blithesome children were laid low  
By weeping kindred, lonely in the tomb,  
And these we saw no more — ah, bitter woe !  
Like hopeless grief for some lost Absalom,  
Fair Nature breathed no sign or cheering word  
That ever these should be to life restored.

“ Brave men approached the grave with troubled  
thought,

’T was such a change to be among the dead ;  
Of future possible events untaught,  
The prospect bore them scenes of haunting dread,  
Since blame succeeds to guilt, as well it ought ;  
Which all men know by intuition, bred  
From reason’s Category in the mind,  
Divinely placed, unerring, in mankind.

“ My bosom swelled with rapturous delight,  
At all the wisdom, power, and love so great  
Displayed through Nature’s countless stella bright ;

I deemed the Power such splendors could create  
 Would be none other than a Judge upright  
 (As Abraham said when hearing Sodom's fate),  
 Who would require naught more of mortals there  
 Than they could render in their finite sphere.

“Encouraged thus, I lived above my creed,  
 And aided weaker comrades in the way,  
 In hope, if life should after death succeed,  
 I might awaken to a happier day.  
 Ye cannot know, who had the truth to read,  
 What boding terrors round my death-hour lay,  
 Nor with what ecstasy of blest surprise  
 I woke from sleep to endless Paradise.”

He ceased ; the birds alone with melody  
 Divine the stillness broke, or rustling sound  
 Of angel's glittering wings that hasted by ;  
 Sweet perfumes filled the crystal air around  
 From flowers luxuriant, tinged in loveliest dye ;  
 Gone was the race once happy on that ground ;  
 But like a giant risen from defeat,  
 Nature its annual glory did repeat.

Meanwhile the listeners had in number grown,  
 Each with a history worthy to relate,  
 But well content to hear some tale unknown,  
 Which earth-born guest or angel might narrate ;  
 As on Mars hill the ancient Greeks had done,

When Paul arose great mysteries to debate ;  
 Nor feared the Athenian mockery to awake,  
 But boldly of the resurrection spake.

A tourist late from earth arrived soon broke  
 The silence brief, in simple, rhythmic lays :  
 " Full strange the marvel seems to us awoke  
 Beyond the veil which hides from mortal gaze  
 These scenes no telescope can e'er evoke,  
 That souls who dwell neath Phœbus' quickening rays  
 Should doubt of spirits and the mighty Source  
 Intelligent of Nature's wondrous course.

" Yet was I one to adopt the youthful creed  
 Of evolution, law, or aimless chance,  
 Like college sophomores, who the skeptics read  
 As men of old-time wisdom in advance.  
 But riper thoughts to added years succeed,  
 And truer logic woke me from my trance,  
 And showed me laws must have a founder wise,  
 To insure their potency in earth or skies.

" Now scientists demand a deity  
 To account for wonders that through nature glow,  
 Impossible, except supremacy  
 Of boundless intellect had planned them so.  
 The patient chemist, with his searching eye,  
 Sees subtle laws through every substance flow,  
 Exact and certain as hoar Time's advance,  
 Resistless as the loosened avalanche.

"The astronomer sees forceful law among  
 The ponderous rolling spheres through boundless  
     space,  
 Not possible for chance to guide along  
 In safe career, their dangerous headlong race.  
 In birds of passage, birds of pleasing song,  
 The studious naturalist beholds of grace  
 And matchless skill a miracle so great  
 As only from a god could emanate.

"The homing pigeon from his nest conveyed,  
 In darkened prison tenscore leagues away,  
 Nor knows if east or west the course was laid,  
 At length, released, exults in shining day ;  
 With written scroll a feather might have weighed,  
 He mounts the sky, full far from home astray ;  
 What star shall guide him to his distant mate ?  
 What course return him where the nestlings wait ?

"No telltale waymarks meet his piercing eye,  
 As round he circles in the airy zone ;  
 No signs familiar in that trackless sky  
 To guide him through its wide abyss unknown ;  
 What powers within that little brain must lie,  
 Within that breast what love to lure him on,  
 Man's highest reason reels before the task,  
 Not Roentgen's rays the mystery could unmask.

"The pilgrim o'er Sahara's desert wide  
 May take direction from the solar ray ;

The mariner on ocean's pathless tide  
 Has sun and compass to direct by day,  
 With moon and glistening stars through night to  
     guide,  
 And chart to tell the perils of the way ;  
 The wondrous bird by gifts Divine must steer,  
 Like sight prophetic in a hallowed seer.

“Perchance his scroll important tidings brings,  
 Of some great battle, lost or won that day ;  
 Millions of money in his flashing wings,  
 Or millions lost should he mistake the way.  
 In hilly Greece from beacons rumor springs ;  
 On blazing summits rapid signals play ;  
 But sable night must fall for such express,  
 Ere Clytemnestra know her lord's success.

“Now onward sweeps the bird on dashing wing ;  
 Beneath him backward flies the varied scene ;  
 Here, snowy plains give place to early spring ;  
 Cities and rural prospects briefly seen,  
 Swift to the visions past their glory fling ;  
 Back fleetly glides a blooming sea of green ;  
 Mountains like waves roll backward neath his flight,  
 And sunny valleys flash upon his sight.

“Still on he speeds, nor turns to left or right,  
 Attracted ever toward his native cote ;  
 Like hertzian waves he hurtles through the light,

Where soon he'll hear his partner's wooing note ;  
 Now warmer zones show flowery regions bright,  
 Whose mingled perfumes on the breezes float ;  
 Light clouds above rush by, as on the wind,  
 Below, the rapid mail-train falls behind ;  
 Past fig and olive grove the journey ends,  
 The wondrous bird has reached his distant friends.

"So all things animate have gifts divine,  
 To move them rightly in their destined way ;  
 The bee for cells in geometric line,  
 The beaver for his palace on the bay ;  
 Even plants their tendrils towards supports incline,  
 Roots pierce through masonry for moister clay,  
 As rodents gnaw their way to garnered grain,  
 Nor cease from effort till the prize they obtain.

"With less of instinct, more of reasoning skill,  
 Man stands a witness of creative power,  
 Above the brute in dominating will,  
 Above in memory's universal lore,  
 Whose book a lifetime's varied records fill,  
 Held like a grasping miser's treasured store ;  
 Her earliest pages oft to view unveil,  
 Though piled above with life's close-written tale.

"Oft in my boyhood days I careless strayed,  
 With comrades meet, through an old orchard field ;  
 The trees in autumn splendor were arrayed,

And many kinds of pleasant fruit did yield,  
 Grafted by cunning hands, long time ago.  
 In a fair nook I saw the ruins prone  
 Of a once farmer's cot, forsaken now,  
 The netherstones with moss were overgrown ;  
 The ingle hearth, where generous fires had fumed,  
 Was choked with weeds rank from the ashen mould ;  
 Around the rose and hollyhock still bloomed ;  
 And useful herbs the housewife prized of old,  
 And lilac bushes, high in rustic fame.  
 Here on the grassy lawn had children played,  
 Hither at e'en the kine soft-lowing came ;  
 Rosy and gay had sat the milking maid,  
 Her stalwart sire and brethren home again  
 Driving from harvest fields the loaded wain.

" What loving groups had gathered joyous here !  
 Now all were gone, far scattered on life's way,  
 Perchance on earth, perchance in nobler sphere ;  
 But the sure tokens of their being stay.  
 Those trees, those relics, came not here by chance,  
 Nor nature ranged them in such order fair ;  
 So through the glowing heavens I turn my glance,  
 And trace sure steps of a Designer there.

" Thus much my reason taught, yet more was true,  
 By faith and intuition well revealed.  
 Faith is a product not to logic due,  
 By inward consciousness her truth is sealed ;



No proofs can shake it, no rebuffs undo,  
 Not e'en to death her anchorage will yield ;  
 In future life earth's nations all believe,  
 Where wrongs of time adjustment fair receive.

The exiled natives of this heavenly sphere,  
 Not yet content with Adam's overthrow,  
 Must roam the earth like Harpies, far and near,  
 To spread their ruin, and bequeath their woe ;  
 For virtue lost, fill aching hearts with fear ;  
 Cause ocean floods of human tears to flow ;  
 Revenge those beings make their every care,  
 Nerved with the resolution of despair.

They multiplied idolatries on the earth,  
 And gave the idols attributes to suit  
 Their purposes of wrong ; to one a prone  
 And sensual mind, whose votaries the fruit  
 Of lowest pleasures, bestial habits won,  
 Degrading their fond followers to the brute ;  
 And this the blight dame Astaroth confers,  
 Her own foul impress on her worshippers.

Some idols fierce and cruel rites require  
 Of those who serve, like Moloch and his crew,  
 Who blameless children cast in raging fire  
 Grim demons to propitiate ; thus the Jew  
 E'en multiplied his crimes and miseries dire  
 And wandered widely from the only true



Divinity his fathers once adored,  
And ever found a loving, bounteous Lord.

Here breathed historic memories strange and hoar,  
Awakened by those crumbling towers around,  
Of beings once illustrious on that shore,  
With high angelic excellency crowned ;  
All lost by wild ambition to be more,  
As earthly sovereigns oft too late have found.”  
With reminiscences of such defeat  
The Tourist’s lengthened converse was replete.

It told how Belial had strong hearts inclined  
To waste in enervating joys their might,  
Had urged them downward with a will resigned,  
As vultures speed to carrion their flight.  
They gorge themselves on chaff, and leave behind  
The purer streams of rational delight ;  
So realms degenerate, and empires wane,  
Like ancient Rome, that once had queenly reign.

E’er since man suffered first the pangs of woe,  
Or followed tempters of angelic line,  
Or met misfortune smiting blow on blow,  
The cause was charged to spirit shapes malign.  
They stirred the passions in his heart that glow ;  
They lured the youth astray with sparkling wine ;  
Bore favorite champions to unearned applause,  
And thwarted worthier heroes in love’s cause.

Such fancies heathen legends held of yore,  
Where bards renowned in glowing numbers sing,  
Nor differed much the tales of Christian lore,  
Since tuneful David charmed the frenzied king,  
Or one poor maniac seven demons tore.  
Like famous things I heard while listening  
That day attentive to the heavenly throng,  
As more detailed their speech was borne along.

Last questioned they of Satan and his peers ;  
Would they forever Heaven's decrees oppose ?  
And would their exile be eternal years ?  
And where the prison of their mighty woes ?  
Had they relief in penitential tears  
And sad regrets ? The answers to their close,  
With pictures of their haunts in gloom extreme,  
Pertain not fitly to my happier theme.

## BOOK IV.

Now from these memorable scenes we turned  
To seek the central Sun that clothed them round  
About with heavenly beams of light, and burned,  
A beacon vast, with flaming lustre crowned.  
Past swiftly-rolling planet worlds we flew  
On rapid wing, with close, observant sight,  
Noting the changes Time with conquering might  
Developed all their forms and phases through.

One rolled with shoreless oceans deluged o'er,  
Their floods from furious tempests white with spray;  
Whose mountain billows ponderous glaciers bore,  
Which flamed like diamonds in the beams of day ;  
Another waved with forests dense and deep,  
Upreared in vastness on my wondering eyes,  
For use of teeming nations yet to rise,  
Preparing fuel in long store to keep.

Some in the finished state, enveloped round  
With azure mantle of deep atmosphere,  
Wherein were floating, gilt and purple bound,  
Refulgent clouds, wheeled by in bright career.  
Soon had we reached the point where Sirius rolled,  
And back on traversed regions turned our gaze ;  
There whirling, glancing in a dazzling maze,  
Nine moon-girt planets caught his beams of gold.

What power stupendous in that glowing sphere  
 Was throned, his radiant beams pierced ether  
     through  
 To earth's far distant shore, and all around to  
     cheer  
 The frigid zones as widely welcome flew.  
 With ease the throng of circling orbs he sways,  
 Renews their seasons, rules their day and night,  
 Like some great sovereign of imperial might ;  
 Himself a mightier ruling Power obeys.

Hearing meanwhile the angel's wise discourse  
 Unfolding themes abstruse, I timorous spake  
 This single fancy :  
 " How the boundless force  
 In any being can be throned to wake  
 From nought those worlds magnificent is past  
     conception."  
 Glowed the angel's magic eyes  
 With kindly light, as evening stars arise,  
 And modest thus his answering words were cast :  
 " Not in my wisdom lies the gift to show  
 The forming process of those mighty spheres,  
 The mystery of their birth that sleeps till now,  
 And sing the annals of their early years ;  
 And if I might narrate their history through,  
 And give full records of that long ago,  
 These glittering spheres that move thy wonder so  
 Are waifs beside what yet remain to view.

" Expand thy thought, send forth thy vision, past  
 Muliphen, Wesen, Myrzan, Nahos, through  
 The goodly throng of glowing beacons vast  
 That in this constellation brightly glow ;  
 Nay, sweep thy gaze around the heavenly sphere,  
 From where the distant flaming polar star,  
 Like some angelic signal, gleams afar,  
 To where the quadrant's outmost suns appear ;

" From nadir systems, to the zenith height,  
 Survey the countless orbs revolving there ;  
 Nor rest thy thought, nor close the vision bright ;  
 Beyond these shining constellations fair,  
 Well known to men by name, bright clouds appear  
 In astronomic tombs called nebulæ,  
 Which here, on near approach, are found to be  
 Yet other firmaments unfolding clear,

" Like glorious decorations hung in space  
 By skill and energy Divine ; each made  
 In magnitude like this ; in beauteous grace  
 In form and color equally arrayed.  
 And wouldst thou take account of being ? Lo,  
 The congregated human tribes that tread  
 The earth, a boundless pageant o'er it spread  
 Of moving, shifting scenes, that ever come and go.

" Lo, the slumbering nations centuries  
 Have gathered since thy fruitful race began,

Whose sacred dust in silence mouldering lies ;  
 In memories' glass the countless throng I scan.  
 Throughout these gorgeous heavens, and far beyond,  
 Through spangled firmaments to men unknown,  
 Live multitudes Infinity alone  
 Can number, only thought Divine can bound."

Toward Hercules we cleaved the dazzling maze.  
 Soon had we reached a wondrous planet near  
 The point of Rasalgethi's solar blaze,  
 Whereon did no wide continents appear ;  
 But glittering islands in the sunny glow,  
 Of every contour, decked with flower and tree,  
 Were thickly scattered in the purple sea,  
 Like some bright, boundless archipelago.

The shining waters mirrored back to view  
 The lovely marge of many a pleasant cove,  
 O'erhung with tangled bloom of every hue,  
 Blent with the arching, cloud-flecked skies above.  
 Among them white-winged barks rich cargoes bore  
 Upon that omnipresent tide, which there  
 Supplied an endless, world-wide thoroughfare,  
 Flowing around by every fertile shore.

Some larger isles had widely spreading plains,  
 Where waving grain and fruiting trees were seen,  
 And mountains sculptured fair, and shady glens,  
 And ancient forests shone in glossy green.

A few rough isles, in barren aspect laid,  
 The sea-birds held to rear their callow brood ;  
 By millions thronged they cavern, cliff and glade,  
 Of every pattern, size, and opal hued ;

And when alarmed, in loud and clamorous key,  
 With roar of clashing wings, and startled cry,  
 They rose in heavy clouds that veiled the sky,  
 And darkened wide around the swelling sea.

Here dwelt a giant race, most strange to say,  
 Like Horims mid the Canaanites of old ;  
 A noble folk in form and nature they,  
 And fair to view ; no greed of shining gold  
 Among them woke the miser's anxious care ;  
 Their opulence was in the bounteous soil,  
 That yielded sustenance with easy toil,  
 And left the teeming flocks abundant fare.  
 And here and there a blazing flowery isle  
 Gleamed like a gem set in the furrowed sea,  
 A paradise to tempt the toiling bee,  
 Like Elephantine famous on the Nile.

First I beheld Columbus on these strands,  
 That patient, dauntless hero, who, inspired  
 Of Heaven, explored the earth and desert lands  
 Unknown before, discovering, acquired  
 Broad realms by cultured nations since o'erspread,  
 And glorified with Freedom, Truth, and Peace,



Where blameless captive souls find sweet release,  
And famine-stricken nations turn for bread.

Long was the well-timed project ripening in  
His bosom, ere its culmination vast ;  
Albeit, no obstacle could intervene  
To stay its full accomplishment at last.  
No more he feared his lifelong labor foiled ;  
No Bobadilla now with clanking chain,  
Sending him back in grief to thankless Spain,  
Slighted, and robbed of monarchs, and despoiled.

Illustrious guides are now his escort fair,  
Attendant on his steps where'er he strays,  
Supplying all his wants with watchful care ;  
Him I accosted, wild with joy to gaze  
Upon this nobleman of nature grand ;  
And me, adventurer from Columbia dear,  
He hailed with greeting fond and kindly cheer,  
Like one arrived from some beloved land.

Well pleased he heard those shores, so long unknown,  
Now bore the foremost nation of the earth,  
That still was young, and ruled without a throne,  
Sending afar her bounteous products forth ;  
Whose myriad cities star the landscape o'er,  
Whence monuments and sacred spires arise,  
Like snowy arms up pointing to the skies,  
And where the wail of bondage is no more.



Still haunted with a passion to explore,  
 Full many a shining orb he had surveyed,  
 And filled his spacious fancy with rich store  
 Of varied scenes and doings there displayed.  
 One goodly sphere, so ran his pleasing phrase,  
 With pigmy tribes was densely peopled o'er,  
 Like those of Ethiopia's zone, though more  
 Advanced in civilized and cultured ways.

The orb they cumbered softened features showed ;  
 No mountains rose upon the swelling plain,  
 No rushing rivers, restless oceans flowed ;  
 But gushing fountains clear, and plenteous rain,  
 And copious dews refreshed the fertile glade ;  
 Bright flower-gemmed prairies shone in colors fair,  
 And spicy groves perfumed the crystal air,  
 With song-birds chanting in the leafy shade.

Next came we on a wondrous world in rays  
 Of violet-tinted sunlight deluged o'er,  
 Which rolled in beauty on our dazzled gaze ;  
 A fairy picture, like some fabled shore,  
 Where fields Elysian charmed the stranger's sight ;  
 Here all things beautiful luxuriant grew,  
 Creatures, and flora flourished nature through,  
 By magic of the vivifying light.

A radiant moon made night appear like day ;  
 The stars seemed bossed upon the purple sky ;

We saw the morn approach with roseate ray,  
 And lustrous, dewy night before him fly,  
 As wheeled the brilliant orb from sun to shade.  
 The lofty mountains showed dim glens between,  
 Where darker hues diversified the scene ;  
 The lesser hills like Eden were arrayed.

An ancient race angelic here abode,  
 Of mighty prowess, lofty rank were they ;  
 For myriad years they had these regions trod,  
 Highly accomplished powers through all their stay.  
 As messengers employed they roamed in space  
 To distant planets on Divine behest ;  
 Oft earth was with their hallowed presence blest  
 In benefits unnumbered to our race.

Profoundest mysteries on the earth unknown,  
 To them were common knowledge learned of yore ;  
 No star or planet through the heavens that shone,  
 But beings here had visited their shore,  
 Acquiring thence aught new discovered there.  
 In multitude of minds is wisdom found ;  
 In multitude of worlds doth art abound  
 And all things beautiful, divine, and fair.

What myriad works have sprung from human thought,  
 Before and since the pyramids arose,  
 In fields of useful art and science wrought,  
 And nature's forces changed to friends from foes.

A savage of earth's stone-age, roughly skilled,  
 Set down in London 'mid her grand bazaars,  
 Or Paris' expose of earth's garnered wares,  
 Might swoon with wonder at the works revealed.

Much more the skill of elder worlds must be,  
 Their denizens in long experience trained,  
 With ripened faculties, and more to see  
 Of models fair, where art divine has reigned.  
 The angels of that world all these had known,  
 And powers possessed miraculous to man,  
 Like him descended 'mid the sentry's van,  
 Who rolled from great Messiah's tomb the stone.

I stood amazed to view what energy  
 The Maker had bestowed in forms so fair ;  
 The lightning fleetness, and the flaming eye,  
 The lofty presence, and the genius rare.  
 So saw the revelator in his day,  
 The Apocalyptic angels dazzling stand,  
 Who held the raging winds with mighty hand,  
 And bade Euphrates' flowing waters stay ;

Or him who bound the dragon with a chain,  
 And hurled him fettered in the burning sea ;  
 Or stood one foot on shore, one on the main,  
 And sware by Heaven that time no more should be.  
 Or like the fabled gods they seemed of old,  
 Who mingled in the wars at Ilion ;

Or Phœbus-like who reined the golden sun,  
As through heaven's azure vault his chariot rolled.

But here I saw the prototype complete,  
Which all poetic fancies far excelled,  
The fabled gods even mortals could defeat,  
These beings energy unfailing held.  
The sight of those immortals in their power  
Renewed my modest thought of self within ;  
Not soon should I forget the august scene,  
Not soon would come again my boasting hour.

From Rasalgethi's precincts we proceed  
Forth through the heaven a wondrous view to gain,  
A flaming sun, at utmost headlong speed,  
With all his shining satellites in train,  
Cleaving the vault of ether full in sight.  
I had beheld three flaming suns near by,  
But of their haste was unobservant, I  
Pursuing with them in their rapid flight.

We were to reach Maasym's track the date  
His awful presence crossed our purposed way ;  
Already now his flaming bounds dilate,  
And fiercer glows his overwhelming ray.  
With thrice the speed that thundering echoes fly,  
And force appalling comes the rolling sphere ;  
Another time-beat and his course we near ;  
Just then his blazing front dashed swiftly by.

His bulk obscured the total heavens from view,  
 So near he passed before our dazzled eyes ;  
 Still on and on revolving round he flew,  
 With roar like cyclones in the tropic skies ;  
 And though so rapid seemed his mighty pace,  
 An hour was gone ere his last bounds appeared ;  
 His frontier then a million leagues had cleared  
 On his eternal, unabating race.

Hasting behind in glittering circles vast,  
 His train of moons and shining planets sped ;  
 Their lesser volume hurtled quickly past,  
 And in a breath the dazzling scene was fled.  
 No tropes of earth could illustrate the view ;  
 And so in mightier circles wheeled around,  
 All suns are moving to one centre bound ;  
 As by the angel's word I later knew.

What power can reign them in their awful might ?  
 Not Chance, I ween, inert, with darkened eye ;  
 As well one sightless trace the eagle's flight ;  
 Not Law without due force to underlie ;  
 Not Powers angelic, though of heavenly mould.  
 Still calls the question, Who these forces plies ?  
 What moves this huge machinery of the skies ?  
 This to myself, the formal words untold.

The escort read their meaning in my eye —  
 So thought is legible to angel's view —

And thus with careful speech he made reply :  
 "Science is infinite, and strange as true ;  
 Not soon is her long category learned,  
 Of unexpected powers, and secret laws,  
 And mysteries yet untraceable to cause ;  
 Like Roentgen's rays, long centuries undiscerned.

"A million times my birth-hour has returned ;  
 Those years have brought some knowledge to my mind ;  
 Each year still brings another volume learned,  
 And on before are marvels yet to find.  
 One thing albeit I settled long ago,  
 Which many cultured minds have failed to do,  
 Respecting mysteries obscure to view, —  
 To spurn no truth I cannot yet well know.

"'T is said, perchance, all reasoning intellect  
 Should comprehend all things in reason wrought.  
 Behold here in the premise this defect ;  
 Some large-brained men of Calculus know nought,  
 To logarithms, equations, still are blind,  
 Because these lie beyond their mental score ;  
 So mysteries deep attempting to explore,  
 Oft the most cultured minds their limit find.

"On philosophic principles the spheres  
 Were formed, are moved, and guided in their way ;  
 Yet far beyond the knowledge of my years  
 Those methods lie ; I may attain some day

The power more clearly in their depths to pry.  
 Thou hast no doubt a power Omniscient framed  
 Those laws — thy question woke the thoughts just  
     named,  
 They'll serve for other men who more deny.

“In yonder orb fast growing on our sight,  
 A temple holds some pictured views supreme  
 In art, that will thy earnest gaze invite ;  
 Before those scenes I will renew my theme.”  
 Attached to Lyra was the globe we neared,  
 From which a wondrous lustre met our gaze ;  
 Each cliff and mountain peak were gems ablaze,  
 And sapphire boulders round their base appeared.

With sands of gold the ocean border flamed,  
 A yellow band 'twixt wave and flowery plain ;  
 Cottage and palace were of jewels framed ;  
 With opals glittered monument and fane.  
 Or shining jasper built on flowing green,  
 Their turrets gilded from the umber strand ;  
 Rich cities shone athwart the gorgeous land,  
 And lent their radiance to the glowing scene.

Unnumbered vessels sailed the peaceful main ;  
 By willing hands the generous fields were tilled ;  
 Yet not for pelf they ploughed the fruitful plain  
 Or roamed the sea, or cities fair did build ;  
 But for the public welfare and that none  
 By indolence degenerate from their powers ;



All shared alike, with joy, the pleasant hours  
Of useful toil, a few at morn, this done,

Bard, builder, statesman, artist, jocund swain,  
Employ the day to suit their cultured taste ;  
None cared to heap up stores of golden grain,  
'T was cast so plenteous o'er the trodden waste ;  
They loved the wealth of knowledge more, to roam  
In fancy 'mid the marvels of the sky,  
And study Heaven's mysterious alchemy,  
That mantles nature with luxuriant bloom.

Amid the sweet, umbrageous groves and through  
The fragrant, flower-illuminated lands,  
In multitudes illustrious to view  
From distant planets, grouped in joyous bands,  
Ranged glorious beings, buoyant with delight,  
Who moved adoring on that jewelled shore,  
In heavenly converse joined, or, silent, o'er  
The landscape gazing with enraptured sight.

Among the pilgrims where such bliss abides,  
With transport filled, strayed classic Homer, bard  
Of ancient Greece, attracted thitherward  
As well directed by celestial guides.  
He seemed a poet of some race divine ;  
A royal prince in every thing but pride ;  
So long a tourist through heaven's empire wide,  
His manners had grown kingly and benign.

So one far travelled in earth's cultured lands,  
 Ambassador to kings, and guest in court  
 Of royalty, where highborn dames disport  
 Their queenly charms, and meet illustrious bands ;  
 When home returned at length, more polished sort  
 Of manhood shows, in conduct, language, port.

I wished to greet this earth-born genius rare,  
 But lacked phrase elegant enough in store,  
 For one so long a student in heaven's lore ;  
 The poet noticed my embarrassed air,  
 And kindly broke the spell in accents fair ;  
 " Hail, venturous son of earth, from home so far,  
 And welcome, welcome to this brilliant star ;  
 Think not thou wilt be shunned, or slighted, where  
 Thy race is known ; our earth though small and young,

Is yet distinguished through these genial skies,  
 And finds fond greeting in angelic eyes ;  
 For human hearts, in love and virtue strong,  
 Whose loyalty to goodness never dies,  
 Have gained memorial names in Paradise.

" And in that fatal day, when beauteous Eve,  
 All trusting, was beguiled, deceived, o'erthrown,  
 By one whose seraph powers o'ermatched her own ;  
 Then by the deadly fruit she did receive,  
 Learned that her endless progeny must grieve  
 In woe, and bitterness what she had done ;

Such pathos infinite was in her moan,  
 That angels strove her anguish to relieve,  
 And e'en a God forsook His glorious throne  
 In bliss, to mitigate the dreaded doom ;  
 And by His heavenly Presence blessed the tomb,  
 Bearing Sin's penalty Himself alone.  
 Such wondrous deeds gave earth-born memories room  
 Among the stars to live in fadeless bloom."

"Bliss to thee, heavenly bard," anon I said  
 In joyous tones, "and thou indeed art one  
 Of those who gained for us such high renown ;  
 And myriad coming heroes yet shall add  
 Divinest lives to justify that fame.  
 Hast thou observed His servant Job ? Behold,  
 God prides Himself in such a man of gold,  
 Against whom He can challenge aught of blame.  
 The world improves apace ; Heaven aids ; mankind  
 Is not a failure in the hands Divine ;  
 Truth's mighty leaven, as a force benign,  
 Sweeps through the nations like the viewless wind ;  
 Culture and truth to save the world combine,  
 And bid fair cities through earth's deserts shine.

The world moves onward as the centuries leave ;  
 World-wisdom, Race experience ever grow,  
 From kindred springs that to their currents flow,  
 As rivers greaten through the realms they cleave.  
 Thy Greece is gone ; thy Greece of early prime,

Like mortal things, has perished from the earth ;  
 But not the genius which she brought to birth,  
 Nor yet her footprints in the dust of time.  
 She lives an object-lesson to our race ;  
 A mighty factor in the storied past ;  
 With Roman erudition broadly cast,  
 Adown the flowing years her light we trace.  
 Rome fell and darkness o'er the nations passed ;  
 From mediæval gloom light rose at last.

“ With varying beams the way of progress shines ;  
 The world moves onward, but with halting speed,  
 As tide-waves upward roll and then recede,  
 Then upward surge again to higher lines.  
 Rome slew the early Christians at her play ;  
 Spain slew Moor, Jew, and Christian in their turn,  
 And bade the bigot's torch o'er Europe burn ;  
 But matched 'gainst Heaven and Briton lost the day.  
 Then Freedom 'gan to grow, a little tree,  
 Freedom to think, believe, and bravely do ;  
 And year by year the sturdy sapling grew,  
 And flung her branches forth from sea to sea ;  
 There inquisition disappeared from view,  
 And slavery followed when her doom was due.

“ Like pyramids thy bright creations last ;  
 Outlast the paynim gods they placed on high,  
 Their curling altar-smoke that flecked the sky,  
 And all the change and ruin of the past.

L. of C.

Thy works commend thee for their noble strain,  
 Their brilliant heroes in such grandeur cast,  
 Their vivid pictures of an era past,  
 Their normal creed that Powers Divine must reign.  
 Hadst thou but heard the Voice from Sinai's crest,  
 Or seen Divine Emmanuel with thine eyes,  
 How had thy music soared amid the skies,  
 And where it rang of war sung peaceful rest.

"Dame Earth is passing fair when at her best,  
 And Eden's joys are given to many hearts  
 That bound with bliss, nor feel misfortune's darts ;  
 But thou wast shut from all that makes life blest,  
 When darkness hedged thee in so long, so long."  
 "True, true," he said, "and yet 't was well that strife ;  
 I would not blot those memories from my life.  
 Their actual made my being brave and strong.  
 'T was little like my present state of joy,  
 But made me better fit for life like this,  
 Where all around is living paradise,  
 And I have blessedness without alloy.  
 So prosperous men on earth owe much of bliss  
 To lessons learned when fortune ran amiss."

Near by upon a goodly eminence,  
 With lofty palms and laurels girt around,  
 Whose boughs sweet flowering garlands interwound,  
 A vast cathedral in magnificence  
 Arose sublime which showed fair glimpses, through

The ever-rustling foliage glossy green,  
 Of crimson roof, and gilded turrets seen  
 Glowing like flame against the distant blue.  
 The pathway leading thither we pursued,  
 Winding around amid a fragrant wood,  
 Was sown with broken gems, profuse, replete,  
 As on before amid the trees we viewed,  
 Like marble chips about a sculptor's feet ;  
 But here did many colored jewels meet.

A thousand feet in length the structure stood,  
 And rose a lofty monument in height,  
 With walls of precious stones cerulean bright,  
 Glowing like one vast jewel many hued.  
 Through diamond window-panes the light was thrown,  
 Whose margins sapphire casements graced around ;  
 Three jutting bands of jewels met the ground,  
 An emerald line at the foundation shone  
 Where banks of shining blossoms hid the mould,  
 'Til nought of naked soil one would behold.  
 Twelve jasper steps ascended to the floor,  
 Where ranks of massive columns, richly scrolled,  
 On amethystine capitals upbore  
 The vast entablature impending o'er.

High golden doors with opal borders set  
 Turned open to the spacious nave beyond,  
 Wherein a world of beauty was enthroned,  
 And splendors bright our raptured vision met.



The vaulted roof, an arching hemisphere  
 Of blue, the heavenly constellations showed, —  
 Orion midst, the Pleiades there glowed,  
 Corona, Leo, and the Charioteer,  
 And clusters round the starry verge we knew.  
 The temple floor our close attention drew ;  
 'T was rich mosaic, brilliant as the dawn,  
 And wrought of precious stones in every hue,  
 Fretted and chased to seem a grassy lawn,  
 With here and there a blooming floweret drawn.

Pure white the altar stood and, ranged thereon,  
 The jewel-blazoned vessels richly glowed ;  
 About the place a breath of fragrance flowed,  
 Like that from spicy islands seaward blown.

Around the shrine were sculptured forms of grace,  
 And many a marble scene of fair design,  
 Fashioned by art of some angelic line,  
 Or of that brilliant planet's native race.  
 Spectators far renowned were gathered there ;  
 Pilgrims of earth, long famed for genius rare,  
 And denizens from planets' orbs afar,  
 Worthy in catalogues of fame to share.  
 Each one illustrious in his native star,  
 As long-enduring earthborn heroes are.

The temple wall with living semblance glowed  
 Of classic scenes in matchless skill portrayed



There pictured Eden on the wall was laid  
 Which theme to earth its first conception owed ;  
 Resplendent Eve, her loveliness undimmed,  
 And royal Adam, at his best estate,  
 Divinely shielded from the shafts of fate,  
 With Raphael joined in pleasing converse, seemed.

Still halcyon prospects glowed the fields around ;  
 Not yet had Cain with crimson dyed the ground ;  
 Not yet the tempter had his entrance made  
 Upon that spot with love and beauty crowned ;  
 The trees in golden fruitage were arrayed,  
 The birds seemed chanting in the fragrant shade.

Next Sinai stood before me wrapt in flame,  
 Seeming to tremble in the quivering air ;  
 Fell on the wilderness a lurid glare  
 Of lightnings from the smoking heights that came ;  
 The prophet's form was there within the cloud,  
 His servant stood apart in wondering fear ;  
 As though some mighty Voice appalled their ear,  
 Below stood trembling Israel, pale and bowed.  
 Far spreading round were ranged the snowy tents ;  
 The little ones and mothers for defence  
 Were fleeing thither, filled with mortal dread  
 Of turning to the mount, as hearing thence  
 Accents Divine ; the peaceful herds that fed  
 Round Sinai threw aloft their heads and fled.

No fluttering leaf or blossom showed the breeze ;  
 The sun had hid within a veiling cloud,  
 Like one oppressed with mighty awe, to shroud  
 Him from the scene ; but angel witnesses  
 Were hovering near, to note the historic hour.  
 Long on the theme I dwelt with wondering gaze,  
 Viewing the vivid scenes of earlier days,  
 Enraptured at the artist's magic power.

The vale of vision dread was pictured there,  
 A hoary prophet passing round to gaze ;  
 The bones shone white beneath the noontide glare ;  
 Shattered and tossed about in endless maze  
 Tall trees were growing here and there around,  
 Where once those forms had moved in martial pride ;

Green wooded heights the valley's margin crowned,  
 But on the canvas all was gloom beside.  
 One lingered near me glancing o'er the scene,  
 Whom I accosted with low words and said :  
 "Perchance the painter of this theme had been  
 Upon the spot, and viewed this field of dead."  
 "No doubt," he said, "'Tis very like the vale ;  
 I once was there and saw those bleaching bones ;  
 Long time ago ; 't was when the prophet's hail  
 Summoned again to life those silent ones.

"How little at a single glance one sees  
 Of what pertains to any sketch portrayed ;

The hues and outlines we possess with ease,  
 All finer points the careless eye evade,  
 As on Achilles' shield, where Vulcan laid  
 Scenes that would decorate a spacious fane.  
 To each fair picture with such skill portrayed,  
 One views surroundings, where new beauties reign.  
 To show how much this naked theme suggests,  
 As here beheld, or in the prophet's verse,  
 Since what he wrought at the Divine behest  
 Was seen by me, the points I will rehearse,  
 If entertaining to thy thought." Meantime,  
 I gazed revering on a fellow man  
 Who once had seen Ezekiel, seer sublime,  
 And craved the oral tale; he thus began :

"In modern warfare few that meet are slain ;  
 The wounded live to fight another day ;  
 The ancients fought to kill, like beasts of prey,  
 And slew their wounded on the reeking plain.  
 Extermination was the conquerors' aim ;  
 The dead supplied the hungry vulture's claim.  
 Vast armies met, like fierce Attila's train,  
 Or Xerxes' millions unavailing slain ;  
 Or like the Assyrian hosts who feared no ill,  
 Yet left their whitening bones on Judea's plain ;  
 Or those who perished when the sun stood still,  
 Nations defiant of Jehovah's will.

" Far scattered o'er the dreary valley lay  
 Exceeding many bones of warriors slain,  
 Amid the clashing roar of deadly fray,  
 Bleached snowy white by sun and wintry rain,  
 And flung about like cloven wood to dry ;  
 The ravening birds had torn their flesh away ;  
 Wild beasts had gathered there in banquet high,  
 And feasted on their easy-gotten prey.  
 There had the battle shout rung high and wild ;  
 There had heroic deeds aggraced the vale ;  
 Long rusted blades among the dead were piled,  
 Like Magog's weapons where her armies fell.  
 The frames of mighty Horims there were prone,  
 And squadrons round them fallen in the fight ;  
 The bones of stripling warriors thickly strown,  
 Perished in early youth when hope was bright.  
 There kings and peasants slept in long repose,  
 Proud chiefs along with humbler braves had died ;  
 In peace together rested mortal foes,  
 Rich lord and beggar slumbering side by side.

" What active forms those members once upheld,  
 When clothed upon and filled with vital breath.  
 What vigor nerved them and what speed impelled !  
 What courage bore them to the field of death !  
 But long to them those buoyant days were fled,  
 When they had left fond homes for martial strife ;  
 From city, pleasant cot, or mountain led,  
 Filled with the loves and boundless hope of life.

" Now here they long had lain, cold, lifeless, and  
 Forgotten, without name or chiselled trace  
 To link them to mankind ; their fatherland  
 Unknown, their annals perished from the race.  
 Nature, all heedless, smiled in beauty still ;  
 Sweet flowers each springtime through that charnel  
     bloomed ;  
 Blithe leaped along the murmuring, dancing rill,  
 And sang aloud the joyous birds bright plumed.

" An ancient prophet came and viewed the scene ;  
 Far o'er the vale he turned his keen survey,  
 Then passed around, and in the midst, between  
 The ghastly relics, where they mouldering lay ;  
 Nor faith nor doubt were omened in his eye,  
 But only wonder at their multitude.  
 Then suddenly appeared a form near by,  
 Of dazzling glory, where the prophet stood.  
 Prostrate before that Power the mortal fell,  
 Voiceless and motionless among the dead.  
 The Being touched him with a gentle spell,  
 That sent new vigor through his frame, and said :  
 ' Arise, O prophet, hear these words of mine.'  
 The wondering dreamer, quickened, stood upright,  
 Attentive listening to the Voice Divine,  
 Which said : ' Look forth upon this field so white,  
 O son of man, can these bones live again ?'  
 ' Lord God, thou knowest,' the prophet made reply,  
 ' Speak to these dead that here so long have lain,

“ ‘O son of man, with mighty, sounding cry,  
 And bid them live.’ Then spake that wondering seer,  
 His hands flung high, with lofty note and strong,  
 Which to the valley’s utmost bound rang clear ;  
 ‘Attend, ye slumbering throngs, forgotten long,’  
 Thus saith Jehovah, the Almighty one :  
 ‘Awake, arise, ye tombless ones, be filled  
 With living breath.’ Lo, ere his words were done,  
 As he beheld, a mighty shaking thrilled  
 Those shrunken bones, that moved with rattling sound,  
 Bone to his fellowbone, unerring led  
 As magnets draw steel atoms lying round ;  
 Then grew the flesh with ruddy skin o’erspread,  
 But in them there was yet no breath. Again  
 The prophet spake, and to the winds he said :  
 ‘Come, O ye winds, and breathe upon these slain  
 That they may live.’ The conscious winds obeyed ;  
 And quickening breath came into them, where prone  
 Along that dismal vale they lay ; and straight  
 Those wakened legions lived, and stood upon  
 Their graves, a multitude exceeding great.”

My sage narrator, mingling in the throng  
 When he had closed, was seen no more by me ;

“Thou hast been listening to Ezekiel’s tongue,  
 It was the prophet’s self that talked with thee” ;  
 So fell the angel’s words upon my ear.  
 “But see beyond, another sketch from earth,



Not yet surpassed by any pencilled there ;  
 A few brief words will bring new features forth.  
 Wild raged the warring strife round Gibeon ;  
 The haughty Amorites fell fast in fight ;  
 Like great Napoleon, when his hope was flown,  
 Their monarchs prayed for succor or for night.  
 Came to the victor chief a thought sublime ;  
 Audacious was the scheme his brain that stirred ;  
 It had no precedent in all past time ;  
 The day must be prolonged, the night deferred ;  
 He knew the God who formed that sun so bright  
 Could stay his mighty course, nor harm a flower.  
 Oft had he seen the signals of His might ;  
 Thrice had he viewed the waves obey His power.

“ Then strong in faith that mail-clad hero stood,  
 In excellence of manhood great, and brave,  
 In open light, by Israel’s armies viewed,  
 And to the sun, as to subaltern, gave  
 His high command imperious : ‘ Sun, stand thou  
 On Gibeon still, in Ajalon be stayed,  
 Thou moon,’ nor thought he of their power.  
 In the mid heaven their chariots they delayed  
 At his strict word, nor hasted to go down.  
 No stronger, bolder scene in all the range  
 Of human or angelic thought is known, —  
 A mortal man one stroke to dust might change,  
 To thus command the flaming King of day,  
 And bid the wayward moon her journey stay.



"Wide o'er the plains the dead and dying lay ;  
 The rushing troops scarce marked the pause of time,  
 So fierce their contest in the thundering fray ;  
 But peaceful swains, in near or distant clime,  
 marvelled why day had halted in the sky,  
 And waited long the lengthened shadow's fall,  
 To cease their weary task, and homeward hie ;  
 Far round the globe night lingered in dread pall,  
 Where Aztec shepherds, wondering why the morn  
 Delayed, peered sharply in the dark veiled east ;  
 Still to their ear the night-bird's song was borne ;  
 Still prowled abroad the fierce and ravening beast.

"There slumbering flocks the dewey herbage pressed ;  
 In other regions morn had just appeared,  
 His flames hung radiant o'er the mountain's crest,  
 Nor higher rose, nor yet the valleys cheered,  
 As hour by hour the dropping sands fell free ;  
 The morning birds sang through the livelong day ;  
 But men, astonished, left their sounds of glee,  
 And watched the heavens in unconcealed dismay."

A scene of power to which I gave full heed  
 Entranced anon my well-astonished eyes,  
 Drawn by angelic brush in flaming dyes, —  
 Two blazing suns colliding at full speed,  
 With stroke that shook the heavens, and seemed to jar  
 Remotest spheres of light. One, crashing, hurled,  
 Drove through its neighbor sheer, dashing the world

In burning fragments, each in bulk a star,  
 Revolving still. To every point of heaven,  
 The shining planets, from their centre riven,  
 Like routed armies fleeing in retreat  
 From Waterloo, or Moscow, terror stricken,  
 No longer now their wonted rounds repeat,  
 But wildly round the trembling ether beat.

Another canvas showed the sequel meet ;  
 The shattered world was to the stronger drawn,  
 His own resisting energy now gone,  
 His fragments fused in the consuming heat,  
 As rugged ores in crucibles melt down.  
 The planets, by redoubled force compassed,  
 Were darting inward toward the fiery blast ;  
 The first in the devouring vortex thrown,  
 Yet others on them headlong, jostling, haste,  
 Tearing out mighty gulches as they passed  
 Like ancient glaciers from the mountains tore  
 Their haughty summits, by abrasion vast ;  
 Each one consumed augments the attraction more,  
 Till all engulfed sink in the burning core.

Wondering, I asked : "Is this bold sketch portrayed,  
 A fact depicted, something to deplore,  
 That once, or oft in ages gone before,  
 Has hap'd to fill the peopled worlds with dread ?  
 Destroy the balance of the rolling spheres,  
 And mar the eternal splendor of the skies ?"

The angel turned on me his radiant eyes,  
 And thus with cheering words allayed my fears :  
 " No such event as here thou seest portrayed  
 Can e'er celestial harmony invade ;  
 In all the systems through the heavens which blaze,  
 Unerring laws of order are obeyed ;  
 No shining planet from his orbit strays ;  
 No golden sun to wake the morn delays.

" The immeasurable past gives pledge secure,  
 That heaven's machinery unfaltering runs ;  
 Long have wise mortals watched its clustering suns,  
 And found them, still unchangeable, endure.  
 Earth's learn'd geologists have clearly shown,  
 With their small samples of creation's date,  
 What epochs vast, to form her sands, and slate,  
 Her clay, and mountains, coral isles, have flown.  
 Great Nature moves with sure, majestic pace.  
 Some gifted genius did the picture trace,  
 To show his thought of what in heaven might be,  
 Unless the Infinite bore rule through space,  
 And force, once into being born, ran free,  
 Like helmless barks upon a maddened sea."

Yet more amazed in thought I answered him :  
 " Each time upon the boundless firmament  
 I gaze, to view its limitless extent,  
 Reaching afar, till fancy's sight grows dim,  
 I marvel how Heaven can communicate

With distant worlds, so far dissevered ; light  
 Must dart a thousand decades in swift flight  
 To cross the fathomless abyss, and late  
 Transmit a signal to remotest spheres,  
 Along whose route such time-roll disappears.  
 How then the frequent urgent tidings can be brought  
 From world to world, or borne to angel's ears,  
 Of things accomplished, or to soon be wrought,  
 O'erwhelms my reason, and confounds my thought."

"Thou ne'er wilt cease to view with wondering sight,"  
 The attendant angel kindly made reply,  
 "The eternal mysteries of the boundless sky ;  
 No finite mind can grasp the Infinite.  
 A rustic youth, untaught, enamored though  
 Of learning's charms, and stirring eloquence,  
 Once hears a mighty orator's defence  
 In truth's behalf, against a ruthless foe.  
 The lofty speech like music thrills his breast ;  
 The listeners present equal joy attest.  
 He hears, enraptured with the rhythmic tone,  
 The power and pathos which the theme invest,  
 Dazzled by gifts so far above his own,  
 Till longing wish to high resolve has grown.

"The youth turns student at ambition's call ;  
 No more in idle pleasure flit his days ;  
 An ideal manhood looms before his gaze,  
 And boundless value adds to life withal.

Untiring study of great works meanwhile,  
 Wide contact with the world, long thoughtful hours,  
 Improve to eminence his varied powers,  
 Transform his rustic to a polished style.  
 Years roll away, he hears that voice again  
 That stirred in early youth his plastic brain ;  
 But now to him the marvellous spell is gone ;  
 He lists with pleasure, but less charms remain ;  
 Not that the sage with bated luster shone, —  
 The aspiring youth has to his equal grown.

“Not so shall human, angel, seraph, rise  
 Through years eternal unto power Divine ;  
 High may they mount in glory through the skies,  
 And bright the record of their actions shine ;  
 Yet still the work of heaven’s Immortal King,  
 As far removed from finite ken shall rest ;  
 Still thoughts of wonder in our breasts shall spring,  
 His Sovereignty and Glory be confessed.  
 Like some great earthly prince the people trust,  
 Supremely wise and good, divinely just,  
 Whose universal praises millions sing  
 (Comparing Godhead unto forms of dust) ;  
 Such the great Fount of life, heaven’s Sovereign King,  
 From whom all blissful loves, all raptures, spring.”

Great Angelo the silence in rich tones  
 Now broke, enraptured with the scenes about :  
 “I see around me bliss that overcrows

The wildest pictures of my earthly thoughts ;  
 So vast the heavens material are outspread,  
 There needs no vague, unlocal paradise,  
 Of phantom prospects in void ether laid,  
 As old divines conceived the realms of bliss ;  
 Places of formless, beautiless inane,  
 Where living souls, to view aught loved and fair,  
 Must backward turn to memory's leaves again,  
 And build from vestiges still lingering there,  
 While all around shine Edens lovelier  
 Than minds created can by fancy rear.

“Nor yet are forms angelic shades alone,  
 Saving where lightest being suits them best,  
 When issuing forth invisible, unknown,  
 Haply fulfilling the Divine behest ;  
 Their fair, material forms, meanwhile not dead,  
 The life and bliss of paradise retain,  
 As mortals have sometimes in trance surveyed  
 Superior worlds, then dwelt on earth again.  
 So saintly Paul ascended to the skies,  
 And there beheld ineffable delight ;  
 Then back returned to earth in humblest guise,  
 A mightier hero battling for the right.  
 Such glimpses wonderful has nature given  
 Of what is possible in earth and heaven.

“Through all the constellations I have passed,  
 Are shining planets fit for homes divine,



And others yet in ruder fashion cast,  
 That time and change to beauty will refine ;  
 As earth, in savage ordeals to mature,  
 Had fire, and flood, and freezing to endure.  
 To Alpha Crucis once ere while I sped,  
 And all the passage splendors new surveyed ;  
 There beauteous worlds round gorgeous suns were  
     playing,  
 And angel nations in the purple light,  
 Their eyes unblenched the colored orbs surveying,  
 As morning radiance fits the eagle's sight ;  
 For Wisdom suits, with dim or dazzling ray,  
 The visual organs formed for night or day.

"There many sons of earth I met sojourning,  
 Immortals now and rich in wealth of time ;  
 Their joyous gaze on endless wonders turning,  
 Through ancient fields historic and sublime.  
 As round the entrancing scenery they turn,  
 Forever rising glories meet their eye  
 From glowworm lights that 'mid the flowerets burn  
 To suns of fire that stud the azure sky."



## BOOK V.

Alcyone of Pleiades we seek  
In flight across the fathomless abyss,  
Along past azure Deneb in the beak  
Of Cygnus, through the silvery wings, nor miss  
The orange, violet, sapphire tinted suns  
In countless trains, that glitter on the sight.  
On to Andromeda our journey runs,  
Mid thronging stella infinitely bright ;  
There Algenib in lilac flame careers ;  
There systems bathed in Amethystine rays  
Revolve round purple gleaming solar spheres,  
Whose ever genial, fertilizing blaze  
Adorns their planets in luxuriant dress,  
Blooming in heaven's perennial loveliness.

And there great Almak in his emerald rays,  
And Algol, jacinth hued, we leave behind ;  
Cleaving the argent realms that Perseus sways,  
Whose shining nebulæ resolved we find  
To starry systems, in wide firmaments.  
Still farther drawn in depths of space profound  
Auriga shines before ; but wheeling thence,  
We turn our flight to Taurus' southmost bound ;  
To heavens begemmed with suns of every hue.  
Not soon the wonder-yielding prospect on  
That lengthened way I could relate, all new

And strange, and beautiful as glowing morn  
 In Paradise, or radiant evening there,  
 Like all imaginable glories fair.

What time a voyager from cold shores, and grim,  
 Ere vernal suns have blest the chilling air,  
 Bidding adieu to scenes so bleak and bare,  
 Sails down some mighty southward-bounding stream,  
 Forever changing prospects charm his sight,  
 From wintry snows to summer's gayest bloom.  
 Afar the bustling city's turrets loom ;  
 Strange views on every hand his gaze invite.  
 Soon flee the snowy hills about his home,  
 As on the rapid deck he moves along ;  
 Now to his eye the glowing spring has come,  
 And to his ear the blithe birds' welcome song ;  
 Unfolding blossoms dewy morn perfume ;  
 Wide rolling plains the grazing cattle throng.

These views scarce noted from the lofty deck,  
 As 'tween the river's banks he speeds his flight,  
 Like famous paintings on a tourist's sight.  
 Yet other prospects on his vision break,  
 Unseen, unheard of, where he dwelt before.  
 The budding Spring and mist of green fled by,  
 Young Summer glories with the vernal vie,  
 And gorgeous colors flame the landscape o'er.  
 Meanwhile the voyager enters fervid zones,  
 Where grander, more voluptuous flora blooms ;

Rich orange bowers the genial climate owns,  
 And stately palms lift high their waving plumes ;  
 The trailing vine with luscious burden groans,  
 And mingled incense earth and heaven perfumes.

So on a fuller, more stupendous scale  
 Appeared the objects where our flight had been ;  
 Ten myriad myriad were the wonders seen,  
 On countless systems passing within hail.  
 Of every geologic age and hue,  
 Swept slow-maturing planets wheeling past ;  
 Worlds rude and shapeless, worlds in splendor cast ;  
 Devonian, Drift, Olytic, Tersian, New ;  
 No one a copy of aught viewed before.  
 Worlds just emerging from chaotic gloom,  
 Worlds without sea, all undulating shore ;  
 Worlds cased in rock basaltic, black as doom,  
 Others volcanic, igneous to the core,  
 And worlds rolled by in Eden's fairest bloom.

There worlds with Horims and behemoths teemed,  
 And giant birds like Sinbad saw of old ;  
 And here the actual monsters we beheld,  
 Whose mighty bulk I scarce in slumber dreamed.  
 Worlds thronged with beings of superior mould,  
 With loveliest landscapes decorated o'er,  
 And manors fair with joyous groups before,  
 Like heavenly mansions seeming, past us rolled.  
 On one of these our venturous flight we stayed,

A world of great Alcyone's fair train ;  
 The folk a genial, kindly race seemed made  
 For hospitable deeds, to entertain  
 The wanderers on errands thither led,  
 Like love-lured pilgrims to some sacred fane.

Here a long race of brilliant beings reigned,  
 Who had not fallen from their sinless state,  
 And ne'er had known the shafts of evil fate ;  
 They still untainted, unimpaired, remained,  
 Their strength like Samson's ere his locks were  
     shorn ;  
 Their mental gift in marvellous store possessed,  
 Did show what power in finite forms could rest,  
 Like prodigies of earth millennial-born.  
 So all the dwellers on that wondrous shore,  
 With such unfettered genius were endued ;  
 Strange tongues could read unseen, unknown before  
 Could sing with lyre in high, heroic mood  
 Long epics of celestial love and lore  
 Of endless being and beatitude.

Here oft assembled at the day's sweet close,  
 In groups, the dwellers on that joyous sphere,  
 Among whom many strangers would appear,  
 And in their midst grand converse oft arose.  
 To this I listened with attentive ear.  
 Among the guests was one of note supreme,  
 Immortal-born, ne'er chilled by Death's cold stream ;

That eve the throng Elijah's voice would hear,  
 Elijah's name persistent they did call.  
 Then spake the Prophet in his modest vein :  
 "I know that my career has been through all  
 The ages later a surprise to men ;  
 'T was strange that one oft-times so brave should fall  
 To lowest depths of craven fear again.

"The question thus I solve. Men are most bold  
 In action oft, as gallant Peter's sword  
 Came flashing forth to guard his threatened Lord,  
 Whose valor in the quiet hour ran cold.  
 With me 't was so ; had I at heaven's decree  
 To undertake some stern and dangerous scheme,  
 The whole grand inspiration of the theme  
 Burned in me like a flame ; then fear would flee.  
 In such a rapturous mood no power could break  
 My courage down, as when I met the king,  
 Fierce Ahab, with rebuke, or else did take  
 Bold issue with his idol's priestly ring  
 On Carmel's breast, for Heaven and Israel's sake ;  
 And flames Divine consumed my offering.

"This lofty moral tone could not endure ;  
 The inspired moods are not perpetual ;  
 Like tidal waves the spirits rise and fall,  
 And at their lowest ebb no hope seems sure.  
 Yet still more deadening to the earnest heart  
 Is idle waiting without task or aim ;

This long and often to my portion came ;  
 At Cherith's lonely brook it was my part.  
 Unlike heroic Moses, ever pressed  
 With endless store of business on his hands  
 Which left no time for ennui in his breast,  
 I tarried long awaiting Heaven's commands ;  
 In those dull periods of compulsive rest  
 Dismay involved me in most cruel bands.

"Slight fear for self was mine, I wished to die,  
 Nor see the evil on my country fall ;  
 Such wild impatience had been criminal  
 Mid fair surroundings, 'neath a happier sky ;  
 But the Unerring Judge beheld my plight,  
 And had no word of censure for his seer ;  
 But like a father gently strove to cheer  
 My sinking spirits in that hour of blight.  
 Since, mortals have been scathed by bitter tongues,  
 From hearts unknowing of their piteous case ;  
 Else had the woful censure changed to songs  
 Of admiration for their saintly grace.  
 Such kindly treatment oft to men belongs,  
 Who wrongly suffer hatred in its place.  
 Not much I troubled to set right my fame  
 Below, some brother yet to rise may find  
 Extenuation for me, and my name  
 Be placed in fairer colors with mankind."  
 He ceased, the man so honored of high Heaven,  
 That Death was ravished of his mortal frame ;

The brilliant throng attest his living fame,  
By murmurs of applause devoutly given.

Next Miriam's name a voice among them told;  
Quick many tongues the same narrator seek;  
Then Amram's daughter, famed in classics old,  
With queenly presence graced, essayed to speak:  
"Not for myself, sweet friends, illustrious peers,  
My words this day in fervent praise shall flow;  
Another worthier of your listening ears  
I eulogize; the one so long ago  
I watched light floating on the reedy Nile.  
I feel no blush his merits to parade,  
Whom heaven's high King so rightly crowned ere-  
while;  
Whose sacred dust by angel hands was laid  
In sepulchre unknown lest they of old  
Should place thereon some luring shrine of gold.

"Myself and Aaron grieved his kingly heart,  
When moved with envy we defamed his power;  
I blush even now to think upon the part  
We bore against a brother in that hour.  
And he complained not of the fault so base;  
God called us forth to answer for our sin  
Against the seer He talked with face to face,  
And for it smote me with a leprous skin.  
Then Moses' pity moved in my behoof;  
He asked for Miriam clemency Divine;



But God said, 'Let her still remain aloof  
Without the camp, for such a fault malign';  
And yet, His loved ambassador to please,  
He deigned to heal me of the foul disease.

"No less for Israel's sake his mercy wrought;  
And oft his mediation saved the race,  
As when he supplicated Heaven to blot  
His name out from the book of life, unless  
He would forgive the wayward, erring host.  
For them the court of Egypt he forsook,  
With all the power and glory earth could boast,  
And through long solitudes his journey took,  
To rest in Midian till the fitting time  
When God should call him in the bush of flame;  
Then modest, meek, appalled at the sublime  
And strange outshinings of the Great I AM;  
The task required might well his soul affright,  
So vast the wonder rose to his awed sight.

"Not so when fully for his work inspired,  
He came to Pharaoh in the prophet's might,  
Till from the conflict Egypt's king retired,  
Dismayed, defeated, sunk in nerveless fright,  
But murmuring Israel stubborn, rude, ingrate,  
While Moses, fasting wrote the scroll Divine,  
Forgot the marvels they had viewed so late,  
And fell to worship at a golden shrine.  
'T was then e'en Heaven seemed ready to despair

Of making them His own peculiar race,  
 Worthy His name and oracles to bear,  
 And thought to slay them in the wilderness.  
 Then Moses pleaded for God's honored name,  
 That such great prelude should not close in shame.

“But one offence in all his long career  
 Was charged against him, though endued with more  
 Than kingly power, and burdened with the care  
 Of wrangling millions, which oppressed him sore.  
 How much he longed to tread that Canaan blest,  
 He oft had pictured to the wandering host ;  
 Full forty years they had been seeking rest,  
 And now at length they neared the halcyon coast.  
 When gallant voyagers, dashed on some lone shore  
 By wreck, and famine, illness, cold, distressed,  
 And wrath of savage men ; at last find o'er  
 The lonely sea a safe return, and rest  
 On well-known beacon towers their longing gaze,  
 Past sorrows flee at hope of brighter days.

“So to those wandering tribes the truth at last  
 That homes long waited for so near arose,  
 With transport swelled each bounding breast, and  
     cast  
 Oblivion's curtain o'er all vanished woes.  
 But not for Moses was this bliss in store ;  
 His fault at Marah now he must atone ;  
 Friends walked with Aaron up the steeps of Hor,

But Moses climbed to Nebo's height alone.  
 He would not have the Sovereign Lord displeased ;  
 No murmur passed his lips for what befell ;  
 Heaven's indignation just must be appeased.  
 Should he escape, while Dathan, Korah, fell ? ”  
 Emotion choked her utterance, and she ceased ;  
 A strong archangel near had more to tell :

“ I, Michael, served about his honored bier ;  
 Like pleasant sleep death closed his peerless eye ;  
 No pangs were in his breast, for Heaven was near ;  
 God and kind angel ministers were by ;  
 And songs celestial filled the mountain air,  
 Like anthems sung at Jesus' natal hour.  
 I had some trouble, at a later day,  
 To guard his body from demoniac power ;  
 Abaddon sought to wrest his form away,  
 And, changed to stone, an idol place for men.  
 Sufficient might was given his arm to stay ;  
 In peace his sacred relics still remain ;  
 But he, upon the mount, to life restored,  
 Met with Elijah their transfigured Lord.

“ By Genesis I knew the famous seer ;  
 Myself a witness when the world was made.  
 Part of the theme I whispered in his ear,  
 And he in human tongue the rest portrayed.  
 But of the topic, if ye more would ken,  
 Another present has true words to tell ”—

Closing he glanced where Gabriel sat serene ;  
 He, affably responsive, answered well :

“I am familiar with the sacred word,  
 Since much I was commissioned to make known.  
 Isaiah’s thrilling, rapturous note was stirred  
 By dreams conveyed him from the heavenly throne.  
 Oft I inspired the youthful shepherd bard,  
 When in the holy night, beneath that sky  
 In orient azure glowing, thickly starred,  
 He watched his peaceful flocks soft slumbering by.  
 To spotless Daniel oft in haste I flew ;  
 Showed him Belshazzar’s writing on the wall ;  
 The emperor’s dream unfolded to his view ;  
 And in the lions’ den was at his call.  
 From Adam down, such missions kind I bore,  
 To John’s emblazonry on Patmos’ shore.

“In other hearts I woke great thoughts, and true,  
 Not written on the page of sacred lore ;  
 Yet prized as relics of the gifted few,  
 Like sunbeams lighting ages gone before.  
 To patient, toiling souls the themes I breathed ;  
 None else would undertake the labor vast,  
 By which in forms enduring they were wreathed,  
 Through all the ravages of time to last.  
 One thought will close what I have now to say :  
 Next to the Scriptures is the day of rest  
 That sure memorial of Heaven’s kindly sway ;

Haply some witness may the truth attest,  
 And speak in honor of the Sabbath day,  
 And why the sons of earth should name it blest."

And while I listened to their pleasing strain,  
 My busy eye glanced o'er the joyous throng.  
 The sun had sunk beneath the billowy main,  
 And through the trees I heard the night-bird's song.  
 Yet darkness fell not on that chosen ground ;  
 A halo bright encircled each fair brow,  
 Which sent a radiance through the grove around.  
 There Raphael sat, his eagle eyes aglow ;  
 Giotto near him, careless of all praise ;  
 There Titian, Tasso, Petrarch in the train ;  
 There Luther with his strong, unflinching gaze ;  
 Melanchthon near him in a gentler vein ;  
 And many angels there allured my sight,  
 Their forms resplendent in a lustre bright.

When Gabriel ceased, a junior 'gan to speak ;  
 A youthful form of heavenly mould he seemed,  
 With pleasing countenance, and manners meek,  
 Yet in his eyes deep fires of genius gleamed.  
 " When stationed once on yonder smiling earth,  
 With kindly missions to the tribes thereon,  
 I loved on easy wing to issue forth,  
 And view the blissful scenes of Sabbath morn,  
 And note its stillness, peace, and sweet repose,  
 Contrasted with the strife of busier days.

Most change the teeming, throbbing city shows,  
 Through all her crowded streets and busy ways ;  
 The countless wains of every form and size,  
 Which fill the bustling streets with deafening roar,  
 Laden with every empire's merchandise,  
 Are vanished now, their baffling din is o'er.

“Now all the toiling, eager marts of trade,  
 Depositories, halls of commerce vast,  
 Are darkened, lonely, voiceless as the dead,  
 Where yester-morn the struggling millions passed.  
 The weary throngs that served, or low, or high,  
 Have respite now to seek the bliss of home,  
 And for a season thrust their burdens by.  
 Some turn them to the shady park, or roam  
 Through gardens fragrant with the breath of heaven ;  
 Some more devout pursue their happier way  
 To comely temples, for glad worship given,  
 And there forget the toils of life a day  
 In fairer scenes to glowing hope portrayed,  
 Where mortal ills can ne'er their bliss invade.

“Charming the scene as o'er the cultured land  
 From lofty heights afar my vision strayed,  
 O'er mountain slope to ocean's distant strand  
 Where curling billows in deep murmurs played,  
 And viewed the multitudes to worship tending,  
 From lowly cot and stately hall who come,  
 The rich, the poor, the wise, the simple tending,



To hear of mansions in the heavenly home.  
 They take their way through fragrant woodland shade,  
 Or where the hedge-girt path cleaves blooming fields,  
 And songs of joyous birds their sweetness add ;  
 Or o'er some lofty height whose summit yields  
 A widening prospect to the traveller's gaze ;  
 Or past suburban gardens rich with flowers  
 In loveliest hues of every clime that blaze,  
 As blooms the rose in Cashmere's sunny bowers.

“ Fair children decked in holiday attire  
 Adorn the way ; the sturdy youth proceeds  
 With brow serene, unruffled by the dire  
 Mishaps that yet may fall where fortune leads ;  
 The gentle maid with inbred wish benign,  
 By nature given, to ever look her best,  
 That she may glow in harmony divine  
 With all things bright and beautiful confessed,  
 Lends animation to the pleasing scene ;  
 Nor lack fond dames and sires of goodly mien.

“ The Temple gained, one opes the Law to teach ;  
 High his vocation, standing there before  
 So many waiting hearts, immortal each,  
 Like wax impressible to sacred lore,  
 Whose lightest word may seal some destiny,  
 And o'er the waves resound of endless time ;  
 Boundless his fields of thought and imagery,  
 From which to gather eloquence sublime.



The past, the present, and all coming years;  
 Earth, sea, and heaven, all works of deathless fame;  
 Visions prophetic of divinest seers,  
 Like gems outspread lie open to his claim;  
 From these he culls to cheer, to guide, to save;  
 To solace mourners at the lost one's grave.

“ Like dreams of heaven the hours of worship bless;  
 In rapturous mood the songs of praise arise;  
 All favored hearts their mercies past confess;  
 The sadder bosoms turn them to the skies;  
 Sweet rest, and peace, and love will there be found,  
 Rich joys denied on earth will there be gained;  
 Long-patient hope with full fruition crowned;  
 Life past conception blissful be attained.  
 Friends dear as heaven are rudely snatched away;  
 What pangs to feel they never will return!  
 No earthly loves their absence can repay;  
 Through lonely years such hearts bereft will mourn  
 Yet they abide in starry mansions fair,  
 And heaven-born hope awaits reunion there.

“ Solely in Truth Divine this Anchor clings.  
 The deist bids his sweetest loves that die,  
 ‘Farewell, farewell to all eternity,  
 Farewell!’ What *dumb despair* such parting brings!  
 Some for mere classics read the Sacred Word,  
 Yet oft with wonderment the page peruse;  
 Nor pass for learned in the present age,

Without some treasures that its books afford.  
 Some read for gems of eloquence sublime ;  
 For lofty verse in epic, lyric song ;  
 For wondrous tales which to the book belong,  
 And pictures drawn to life of olden time ;  
 To learn their origin, and destined fate ;  
 What may be known of the immortal state.

“ A few, with all the reading class compared,  
 Only to criticise the book peruse ;  
 Not all its gems of beauty they regard,  
 But read to cavil, burlesque, and abuse.  
 The Volume fits the mass of humankind ;  
 The average man accepts it as divine ;  
 To prove it true to every critic's mind  
 Seems not within the Author's wise design.  
 The few constructed with superior brain,  
 With keen perception, finished logic made,  
 Who labor faultless evidence to gain,  
 Nor brook of counter proof the veriest shade,  
 Have intellect enough, perchance, to indict  
 More pleasing summaries of wrong and right.

“ My heart was pulsing with profoundest love,  
 To note with wondering pleasure when I read  
 How much was for the poor and lowly said ;  
 How kind and pitying was the Voice above,  
 Which pleads : ‘ My people, when ye reap your fields,  
 Remember mercy for the luckless poor ;

Nor glean your vines nor gathered harvests o'er,  
 And leave the needy what the corners yield.'  
 No other Book in cabinets of men,  
 Not founded on the Volume which I praise,  
 Has for the wretched such a kindly pen,  
 Or does so much their humble lot to raise.  
 Like Boaz' bosom, when inspired with love,  
 So flows full mercy from the Heart above.

"Some statutes written for the early Jew,  
 In sacrifice and sacred rites to guide,  
 Have lost their fitness for the ages new,  
 Since milder gospels had their place supplied.  
 So Dante's pictures of infernal rage,  
 Though wrought with matchless skill and art sublime,  
 To suit the fancy of a darkened age,  
 Have lessening interest for succeeding time.  
 Once public taste required terrific scenes,  
 Pictures, and forms in agonizing pose ;  
 To waiting congregations, solemn deans  
 Gave sad recitals of heart-rending woes ;  
 To gladiatorial strife the Roman leans ;  
 Vast amphitheatres for bullfights rose.

"The multitude of men produce the age ;  
 The age in turn evolves the classic man,  
 Hence prophecy in various currents ran,  
 As men more cultured rose upon the stage.  
 Leaving all rueful scenery unportrayed,

Greek artists traced the beautiful and bright,  
 As spring o'erlays with blossoms winter's blight ;  
 But mediæval genius backward strayed,  
 And wrought unpleasing pictures ; viewing these,  
 Tourists, oblivious (in more modern time)  
 Of what grim tastes those artists had to please,  
 marvelled such works were ever deemed sublime.  
 Tongues human vacillate from praise to blame ;  
 But truth, like nature's course, abides the same."

Here first I learned 't was Michael through  
 The heavens had been my condescending guide ;  
 I had not guessed, so far removed from pride  
 Was he, his most exalted rank, but knew  
 Him great and wise, and of angelic mien ;  
 Upon this orb he must a while remain,  
 To join the messengers now hasting in ;  
 But lest his stay my passage should detain,  
 I could precede him to Alcyone.  
 The way was plain, and thronged with angel powers  
 Who gladly would an escort furnish me,  
 Unless I chose alone to seek its shores.  
 "I will rejoin you on that shore," he said,  
 "Whose golden streets earth's ransomed millions tread.

"There wondrous prospects yet to view await ;  
 There friends departed in fond arms to fold ,  
 Heaven's King in all His beauty to behold,  
 The crowning crown of man's immortal state.

Success attend thee, and no ill betide."

Alone through viewless space I venture forth  
 Again, as at the first, when viewing earth  
 Around, I turned and met my heavenly guide.  
 I find not earth as now my searching eyes  
 Return ; the flaming sun by which she rolled,  
 That seemed when near to fill the boundless skies,  
 'T is past my straining vision to behold,  
 So thickly strown with glittering spheres between,  
 The immeasurable realms that intervene.

How small in thought, amid those worlds above,  
 Seemed yonder earth, with all her puny race ;  
 Yet in her records noblest names I trace ;  
 Hearts true and faithful as an angel's love ;  
 Heroes immortal for their deeds in time ;  
 Lives of long labor patient to the last ;  
 Souls through temptation's furnace safely passed ;  
 Men high in honor, raised without a crime.  
 There gentlest bosoms wrung and yet no plaint ;  
 There love undying, stronger than the grave ;  
 There mercy, pity, flow without constraint ;  
 And every godlike trait benign and brave.  
 All this I knew was on that distant shore,  
 And wrong, alas unbounded, to deplore.

Such thoughts passed through my fancy while I sped,  
 But other scenes my wondering gaze now drew ;  
 The orb I hasted toward in splendor grew,

And darting floods of radiance outward shed,  
 Like many colored borealis beams,  
 Beheld afar from some lone northern isle.  
 Approaching nearer rapidly the while [dreams,  
 Those glistening streamers bright, like painter's  
 Resolved to angels' forms ; each moment more  
 Distinct the dazzling beings flamed, till through  
 The heavens I saw them passing to and fro,  
 To leave the globe, or on its bosom pour.  
 So wearied birds might seek at eve a shore,  
 Or at the rosy morning heavenward soar.

To one, the least of these, yet dazzling he  
 And glorious as the bloom of sunlight on  
 Celestial hills at dewy morning thrown,  
 In modest tones, I questioned with fair plea :  
 "Bright being, heavenly spirit, if to me  
 Adventurous from earth thou deign'st reply,  
 Whence come those glittering throngs adown the sky ?  
 To seek the borders of Alcione ?  
 And whither thence on flashing pinions fly  
 Those thronging multitudes of beings bright,  
 Like radiant beams of opalescent light,  
 Whose trains divergent deck the jewelled sky ?"  
 The angel affable, in terms polite,  
 Responding to my eager question, dited :  
 "The throngs thou seest departing thence are powers,  
 Angelic heralds, envoys, rulers, sent  
 With messages Divine, of high portent,



To distant worlds, where rise distinguished towers.  
 The joyous bands thou seest returning down,  
 Their missions have completed, and are here  
 With varied scenes and records of whate'er  
 Befell on worlds where they have dwelt unknown.  
 Of Cassiopia 't is my lot to tell,  
 Whence I with pleasant convoy seek my home ;  
 From Cygnus, Lyra, Cœphus, others come ;  
 From fair Andromeda, Corona belle ;  
 From Phoenix, Pavo, Corvus, Ceta vast ;  
 From Perseus, Argo, Ursa, myriads haste.

“To firmaments thy vision scarce can trace,  
 And constellations old, unknown to thee,  
 Yet others on their mighty errands flee,  
 Compared with which mine were a pigmy race.  
 Those shining spheres, thick strown as dust of gold,  
 Flung through the realms of endless space around,  
 With beings, race on race, with flora crowned,  
 And billowy oceans o'er their cañons rolled,  
 Require the ministry of angels there,  
 In countless throngs, to bless each teeming shore,  
 And kind remembrance of their Sovereign bear ;  
 Hence the bright trains which ever skyward pour.”  
 Meanwhile I'd reached that central orb of day,  
 And paused amazed its grandeur to survey.  
 Not thrice ten thousand of our earth could peer  
 The magnitude, if in one volume rolled ;  
 No other planet of Utopian mould,



Yet viewed, to its magnificence came near.  
 No human fancy could such scenes design ;  
 No finite touch such excellence portray,  
 And like to Eden's bowers the whole array ;  
 'T was like the finished fabric of the Hand Divine.  
 Here was the court of heaven, not heaven's great  
     whole ;  
 That many spheres Elysian comprehends ;  
 Countless the shining worlds in beauty's role  
 Through which the bliss of paradise extends.  
 As blest Alcyone this world was known ;  
 Here were the Judge, the Sovereign, and the throne.

I paused aloft above the glittering world,  
 Which, ever wheeling round, new landscapes brought  
 To my bewildered gaze, and to my thought  
 Fresh fields for wond'ring reverie unfurled.  
 Grand mountain forms, embossed with sculpture fair,  
 In graceful lines, slope to the flowery plain ;  
 Whose peaks with sparkling gems the ether stain ;  
 Whose fragrant forests scent the ambient air.  
 Ambrosial fruits hang tempting to the gaze  
 Like those of Eden, though forbidden none ;  
 Bright plumaged song-birds filled the groves with  
     praise,  
 Like strains orchestral when the banquet's on.  
 There by the tree of life, the river rolled ;  
 The heavenly mansions there, the streets of gold.  
 Fair was the landscape, fair the heavens above ;

Sweet the perfume, and the varied song ;  
 The fruits and flowers, that to the clime belong,  
 The gushing fountain, and the shady grove.  
 But fairer far, and crowned immortal now,  
 The rescued ones of earth, resplendent there ;  
 None feeble, deaf, deformed, or bowed with care,  
 But all in fadeless youth and beauty glow ;  
 Angels among them, angels hovering o'er ;  
 Some gently bearing in their arms of love  
 Spirits from deathbeds to that painless shore,  
 Never from bliss celestial to remove.  
 There rapturous kindred, in a long embrace,  
 Welcome their ransomed to heaven's resting-place.

There groups of beings in sweet converse met,  
 Seemed families of earth to homes restored,  
 Like fond reunions at the festal board,  
 With talk of things too lovely to forget.  
 What exultation have those dwellers there !  
 Viewing the bliss which all around them smiles.  
 So weary travellers on life's rugged wilds,  
 At length, o'er some high pass, reach cities fair.  
 Ah, happy they, already in that home !  
 With dearest kin, and loving angels near ;  
 And spirits blest from distant planets come.  
 What countless myriads haunt that central sphere !  
 The palmy groves and flowery plains to roam.  
 Of those bright throngs much yet remains to hear.

## BOOK VI.

These mansions in the skies are homes indeed,  
Many and blissful, ne'er to ruin doomed ;  
When pyramids of earth are dust-entombed,  
The dwellers here no new abodes will need.  
No social castes among the ransomed reign,  
All brethren of one head in love unite ;  
With heaven's tuition favored, free as light,  
Earth's rudest natures quick refinement gain ;  
No rich, no poor, their wants are all supplied  
Like Eden's lovers ere their exit forth ;  
No scorn for natures of unlordly birth,  
Since all are brethren to heaven's King allied ;  
Their Sovereign ever present to their gaze,  
To copy, love, and crown with willing praise.

Sweet is an earthly home, no place so dear,  
Where wedded lovers in full bliss abide ;  
Fair sons and daughters flourish by their side,  
One day to issue forth on life's career.  
They form new homes in many a pleasant spot.  
Some venture forth to distant lands for gain,  
And there in lonely exile long remain.  
At length returned, they seek the native cot ;  
Cold strangers meet them at the open door ;  
The father, mother, long have heavenward flown ;  
Their kindred parted to resorts unknown ;

No neighbors greet them they had loved of yore.  
 So fade away the dearest scenes of earth  
 And leave us lonely at our native hearth.

The lordly manors promise little more ;  
 Worse things befall sad mortals to deplore ;  
 Long lives unfortunate neath luckless stars ;  
 Some useful sense denied advancement bars.  
 I loved a beauteous maiden, pure and good,  
 And hoped to wed her on some blissful morn.  
 She was to me the fairest creature born,  
 And grew anon to loveliest womanhood.  
 A fate relentless snatched her from my sight —  
 Through lifelong years I mourned for her in vain,  
 Bearing her loss with unforgotten pain ;  
 But here I clasped her in heaven's beauty dight,  
 With love celestial in her radiant eyes ;  
 My sorrows vanished at the glad surprise.

'Tis not the wormwood in life's sweetest cup,  
 The disappointments, struggles, death, the tomb ;  
 But ever dread uncertainty of doom  
 Beyond, which yields the bliss-dissolving drop.  
 But once transported to that heavenly shore,  
 Those dark forebodings are forever past ;  
 These ransomed spirits gathered here at last,  
 Are sure of blissful being evermore.  
 What in life's journey they have gained of power,  
 Of wisdom, goodness, friends, and lovers dear,

Are theirs forever in that loftier sphere,  
 Which has no evil change, or parting hour.  
 Like some rough journey o'er, their rest is come ;  
 Like weary voyagers safely wafted home.

Not far removed in sweetest shade embowered,  
 I found a group of loving kindred mine :  
 Parent and child in bloom of youth divine,  
 With more than earth-born grace and beauty dowered.  
 What joy was mine to embrace them once again ;  
 A sister long my friend and help below ;  
 Her daughter, no less faithful in my woe,  
 But lately rescued from earth's joy and pain ;  
 A mother dear, since early boyhood lost,  
 With fond remembrances again to greet ;  
 A brother ta'en from earth in childhood sweet ;  
 A father, long on life's wild billows tossed ;  
 All these with much caress I fondly hailed,  
 Whose words like angels' lyres my heart regaled.

Thus myriad kindred groups this globe around  
 Were gathered in sweet intercourse of home,  
 Or issued forth among the throng to roam,  
 And find companions meet where friends abound.  
 So vast the measure of heaven's empire wide,  
 No stint of room is ever like to hap ;  
 Earth's hemispheres, outspread upon the map,  
 Were like a floating leaf on ocean's tide.  
 Far may the tourists rove from clime to clime,

Nor reach a limit to the beauteous scenes ;  
 Heaven's sheen is endless, like the flow of time ;  
 For change occurs by nature's gentle means,  
 Through flowering plains, fair forests, hills sublime,  
 And brook-resounding, moss-embanked ravines.

The while amid the pleasing scenes I strayed,  
 Upon a flowery plot of sweetest bloom,  
 A beauteous being, rescued from the tomb,  
 By loving angel's hands was gently laid.  
 No marvel that she gazed with wondering eyes,  
 Late gathered from a lifelong dungeon's gloom ;  
 Deaf, mute, and blind had been her hopeless doom,  
 And now she oped her vision on the skies.  
 Ne'er had she viewed a human face divine,  
 That finest thing in nature, soul imbued,  
 And now One all divine before her stood,  
 And welcomed her with voice and look benign ;  
 'T was heaven's high King, so great and yet so kind,  
 The Brother, Saviour, Sovereign of mankind.

. . . . .

The Kingly presence gone, quick forward pressed  
 The radiant mother, in love's fever glow ;  
 If tears were there, 't was gladness bade them flow ;  
 Then spake the maiden, with new utterance blest :  
 " O mother mine, and I am freed at last ;  
 My lingering years of martyrdom are o'er ;  
 Thy beauteous face, ne'er viewed by me before,  
 I feast on now for hunger of the past.



And this dear light, sweet music, language new,  
 They fill my quickened soul with rhapsody ;  
 'T was told me earth was beautiful to view,  
 And vernal landscape wondrous fair to see ;  
 But all e'er dreamed of beauty here is true,  
 And chief the BEING first who welcomed me."

Full many in earth's chastening schools enrolled,  
 By angel bands are gathered to the skies,  
 As fruits are garnered when the summer dies,  
 Or wandering flocks within the sheltering fold.  
 From countless scenes of misery they are borne :  
 From blood-red fields, where sink the shattered lines ;  
 From wasted forms by lingering illness worn ;  
 From lives of horror in Siberian mines.  
 To these tried souls the Heavenly KING appears,  
 In gentle accents welcome to bestow ;  
 Him dazzling seraphs willing homage show,  
 Though nought of lordly eminence he wears.  
 So mightiest warriors oft less tinsel share  
 Than mere subalterns who their colors bear.

That wondrous BEING, who can fitly praise ?  
 The Joy of heaven, the Fount of all delight ;  
 Who Nature clothes with her resistless might,  
 And every star through boundless ether sways.  
 His lowly birth at Bethlehem registered ;  
 His childhood's years in humbler village passed ;  
 His early manhood with plebeians classed.



Why at His birth were heavenly anthems heard?  
 Was this the One despised of men below,  
 Though showering love and kindness on their race?  
 A Minister empowered with healing grace,  
 For every heartache or corporeal woe;  
 Why pealed those loud hosannas at His birth?  
 Why at His dying groaned the trembling earth?

Among the ransomed of that early time,  
 With pains I sought one of coeval date,  
 That which befell Messiah to relate,  
 Which stained Jerusalem with foulest crime.  
 He came from Indus, lured by one strange star,  
 Which hung o'er Bethlehem with witching light,  
 Like some blest signal in the holy night,  
 To guide lone voyagers ocean-borne afar.  
 Directed by some inward voice divine,  
 He heard the birth-song of Heaven's gospel plan;  
 Met wondering shepherds hasting to the sign;  
 Saw the blest Babe, the Son of God and man,  
 And bowed with angels round the lowly shrine.  
 'T was thus, at length, his vivid tale began:

"Yon earth is glorified to highest fame,  
 In that the very footprints of a God  
 Are in its dust. Should enter our abode  
 Some noble sovereign of heroic name,  
 To gain brief shelter from a stormy night,  
 Or show some token of his kindly thought,

Like royal Alfred in the goat-herd's cot  
 To rest obscure awhile from public sight,  
 How would his presence celebrate the place !  
 How would our breasts with pleasing memories teem !  
 As oft we talked upon the grateful theme,  
 Longing again to view his kingly face.

“ Or if a loving angel, earthward sent,  
 Should visit our abode some blissful day,  
 To aid and cheer us in life's devious way,  
 Like those appeared at Abraham's spacious tent,  
 Who could sublimest mysteries unfold,  
 And tell what in the after life betides,  
 Of wondrous scenes our blunted vision hides,  
 Like darkened eyes that nought of earth behold,  
 How should we hang with rapture on his word,  
 And long remember lovely things he said !  
 How would the ground be hallowed by his tread,  
 And boundless honor on ourselves conferred !

“ But more than Sovereign, more than angel fair,  
 As heaven is higher than the hills below,  
 Came One, the King of angels long ago,  
 To visit mortals, and their ills to share.  
 One would have thought the feeblers sons of earth  
 Had gladly welcomed such a guest divine,  
 Foretold, described, through all the prophets' line,  
 And heralded by angels at his birth ;  
 Those angels sang on Bethlehem's star-lit plain,

With flocks around, and wakeful shepherds nigh ;  
 ‘ Hosanna, glory to the God most high,  
 Peace be on earth and Heaven’s good-will to men.’

“ All this the inspired prophets saw and knew,  
 As down the rolling ages long and far  
 Their search-light vision caught his signal star,  
 Which from their orient homes the wise men drew ;  
 Saw the blest Infant wrapt in slumbers sweet,  
 With dazzling angels worshipping around,  
 And wondering shepherds bowed upon the ground,  
 And royal sages pouring at his feet  
 Their wealth of offerings at a new-made shrine ;  
 And in this lowliest spot of all the earth,  
 A manger for His cradle and His birth,  
 Where stalled around the wearied beasts recline ;

“ Saw when the noble child to manhood grew,  
 And gave His life to generous deeds of love ;  
 Filled with compassion like the Heart above ;  
 Nor hermit-like from active scenes withdrèw.  
 He mingled freely in life’s toil and care,  
 Restored the sick, the hopeless blind, the lame,  
 And every troubled breast for help that came,  
 Dispensing bounties free as light and air.  
 The hills and flowery plains of Palestine,  
 Where dust of many a slaughtered prophet lies,  
 He traversed o’er in humble, lowly guise,  
 And made that land an universal shrine.

" They saw when Magdalene at Simon's board,  
 Showered tears and loving kisses on His feet,  
 And wiped them with her flowing locks, and sweet,  
 Exceeding precious ointment on him poured.  
 In recompense her sins were taken away,  
 The wicked spirits from her soul cast out,  
 And with them life-afflicting fear and doubt ;  
 Love ruled her being from that blissful day.  
 She lingered latest where the Master bled,  
 Watching around to see where He was borne ;  
 First at the sepulchre that wondrous morn,  
 And first to greet Him risen from the dead.

" Again they saw Him on the mountain height  
 Transfigured, Moses and Elias near ;  
 A scene of heavenly power that filled with fear  
 The three disciples who beheld the sight,  
 Amazed and wondering at their dual Lord,  
 So like a Man, yet through the heaven adored.

" Even men have dual natures wide apart :  
 One gentle, loving, full of kindly cheer,  
 Mood for the happier scenes of life's career ;  
 One stern, severe, as from another heart ;  
 This mood gives scorn of wrong and tyranny,  
 And prompts to justice, and restraining laws  
 To check the vicious and befriend the cause  
 Of public Safety, Freedom, Purity.  
 Without this ruling feature men would be

Degenerate, and unfit for life's great needs,  
 Unfit for noble and heroic deeds ;  
 Albeit the mood needs curb, not license free,  
 As all good forces must be held at bay,  
 Like fire and flood, too dangerous in full sway.

“ Divine Messiah showed His sterner heart,  
 Scourging the traders from the temple floor,  
 The money changers' tables hurling o'er,  
 Bidding the traffickers in doves depart.  
 Like prophet John, He preached in terms severe  
 To scribe and pharisee, and all their guild ;  
 Them, vipers, scornful hypocrites, He styled ;  
 Within all foulness like a sepulchre.  
 Nothing persuasive could affect their hearts,  
 So dead to truth, and covetous were they,  
 So stubborn in their haughty, self-willed way ;  
 'T were vain to address them with love's gentler arts ;  
 Scarce was rebuke more hopeful in their case,  
 Save for a time their mad conceit to abase.

“ Fierce, recreant Jonah, from the whale set free,  
 Turned his reluctant steps towards Nineveh,  
 City to vilest wickedness a prey,  
 And doomed to ruin by divine decree.  
 Once through the gate, within the towering wall,  
 Loud rang his voice along those famous streets,  
 And oft the doom in loftiest tone repeats :  
 ‘Yet Forty Days and Nineveh Shall Fall.’

And lo, the people of that city vast  
 Received the prophet's word with humble mind,  
 And all their wicked words and ways resigned.  
 King, people, flocks, and herds observed a fast,  
 And thus escaped the threatened vengeful blow  
 And saved their ancient towers from overthrow.

“Not so Jerusalem, that city blest  
 Of Heaven, where the Almighty placed His name,  
 Which gave the chosen nation glorious fame ;  
 And fixed His temple there a place of rest,  
 In which His presence oft was manifest ;  
 Where kings could ask and know His will divine,  
 Not vaguely given as at the Delphic shrine,  
 But sure to lead him to results the best.  
 Now one from heaven, whom Jonah dimly glassed,  
 By envious priest and ruler set at nought,  
 Though proved Emmanuel by the deeds he wrought,  
 Whose mission all the ancient Seers' surpassed,  
 Preached fruitlessly to deafened, callous ears,  
 And o'er that city wept Divinest tears.

“The God appeared in prodigies of power,  
 As when He quelled the raging sea to rest,  
 And winds and waves obeyed His calm behest ;  
 Or Jairus' gentle daughter, stricken flower,  
 Untimely withered by death's blighting spell,  
 He woke again to life with but a word,  
 And to her parents' longing arms restored



One dearer than their grateful tongues could tell.  
 A humble cortege from the gates of Nain,  
 To burial bore a widow's only son.  
 He bade them set the shrouded relics down,  
 And gave him living to her arms again.  
 And thousand, thousand sufferers were restored  
 From every form of illness by His word.

"But Lazarus had been dead four days ;  
 Decay had fastened on his cold remains ;  
 His flesh already showed the ghastly stains.  
 What power to life could such a ruin raise ?  
 About the tomb the friends and neighbors came,  
 Hearing the Lord was then in Bethany ;  
 The common people thronged Him loyally ;  
 They had no viperous envy of His fame.  
 'T was wondrous. He whom they long time had  
     known,  
 A fellow pilgrim with them on the earth,  
 Now loudly called that sleeper to come forth ;  
 And at that voice the dead new life put on,  
 And in the glow of healthful youth arose,  
 Like one emerging from a night's repose.

"He might perchance have told what 't is to die ;  
 But One Divine beneath their lowly roof,  
 Of whose transcendent love they had new proof,  
 And one they mourned as dead now sitting by,  
 Was bliss sufficient for each grateful breast ;



And they so thrilled with life's events sublime,  
 And all the poetry and pathos of their time,  
 Wait heaven's unfolding portals for the rest.  
 As soldiers warring on life's bloody plains  
 Trust to some famous chieftain in the fray,  
 Whose martial genius never missed the way  
 To victory, and its glorious gains,  
 So Martha's, Mary's, loving faith ne'er failed  
 To trust their heavenly Lord, whate'er assailed.

" In lone Gethsemane at night He bowed,  
 Where oft He had resorted with His friends ;  
 But now His breast a giant sorrow rends,  
 And awful portents on His senses crowd ;  
 His soul exceeding sorrowful had grown ;  
 He asks the cup might pass, if 't were Heaven's  
     will ;

In agony of prayer He lingers still,  
 Sweating great drops of blood, that falling down,  
 With crimson stain the consecrated ground.  
 An angel guest to strengthen Him appears ;  
 What angel's eyes could stay the gushing tears ?  
 He wept at Lazarus' grave, while all around  
 The people waited for His heavenly word,  
 Which e'en the dreamless dead obedient heard.

" In peaceful mood a man of noblest mould  
 Might die for country, or a friend most dear,  
 Nor wish the bitter cup removed ; but here  
 Was depth supreme of wretchedness untold ;

Because on Him the iniquity was laid  
 Of Adam's total race; the Maker's frown,  
 Like worlds of boundless anguish, weighed Him  
 down ;

None but a God could such vast debt have paid.  
 None but a God to human flesh allied,  
 Having a share in our infirmities,  
 Could know His pangs of loss and loneliness,  
 As when at last in agony He cried,  
 Amid his dying Passion on the tree :  
 ' My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? '

" To Him Iscariot (name that cannot die,  
 So linked with other souls that merit fame),  
 Led his fierce bands of compeers in foul shame,  
 Scribe, ruler, pharisee, priest low and high ;  
 But when Messiah made his presence known,  
 They backward fell to earth, in trembling awe,  
 So much of Godhead in His look they saw,  
 And heaped the garden with their bodies prone.  
 But He His destined mission to fulfil,  
 No longer swayed them with His power divine,  
 But said : ' Molest not these Disciples mine.'  
 Then bound they this supreme Emmanuel  
 And led Him like a culprit to His doom,  
 Full sure they had the Nazarene o'ercome.

" They brought the sorrowing prisoner first to where  
 The haughty high-priest held his vengeful sway.

In civil courts no humblest prisoner may  
 Be taunted, railed at, buffeted ; but there,  
 One innocent as driven snow  
 Was taunted, mocked, derided, spit upon ;  
 And He a heavenly benefactor known,  
 Whose more than earthly power His works did  
 show.

The ruling classes wished no king so just.  
 One great in wealth, in dazzling pomp arrayed,  
 By whom they should be nobles, courtiers made,  
 And given monopolies and power in trust,  
 Was what they coveted ; one who would dare  
 Grant liberal license past the lurking brink  
 Of doubtful and debasing joys, and wink  
 At bribery's assets, which themselves would share.  
 But this poor, unbefriended, helpless Soul,  
 They would be rid of by fair means or foul.

“To Pilate's, Herod's, back to Pilate's hall,  
 By minions thronged, the suffering Victim goes,  
 Mid mockery, insult, taunts, and brutal blows ;  
 In royal robes His kingly form was graced ;  
 They pressed a crown of thorns upon His brow.  
 Ah, many a crown has thorns, as sovereigns know !  
 But this in mockery on that Head was placed.  
 Then Pilate had him scourged, — Great Heaven ! and  
 He

A very God, though shrined in earthly guise.  
 Each stroke the quivering flesh with crimson dyes,

And from the thorny crown His blood flows free.  
 Ah, Pilate, had'st thou 'beyed the warning dream !  
 But who can baffle Destiny Supreme ?

Pilate, afraid, ashamed, distressed, again  
 Went forth and said to that fierce multitude :  
 ' I wash my hands of this just person's blood ;  
 See ye to it ! ' They shout in quick refrain,  
 Exultant with their victory that day :  
 ' His blood be on us, on our children all ! '  
 Oh reckless curse, invited, sure to fall,  
 As ravening vulture on the slaughtered prey !  
 That city, rich in wondrous glories given,  
 Priests living then in haughty triumph glad  
 Should yet survive to see swept from the sad,  
 The angered earth, and disappointed heaven.

" To Calvary's hill the ribald throng went forth —  
 What bliss was thine, thou Simon of Cyrene,  
 To bear a Saviour's cross, and ease His pain ?  
 That day thou wrought'st the noblest deed of earth.  
 Upon the cross they laid the victim low,  
 Then smote the savage iron through his hands —  
 What stayed your wrath, ye hovering angel bands,  
 That ye could see that guiltless life-blood flow ?  
 His feet, like nerveless things, the nails tore through ;  
 Those nails must hold Him on the cross reared high,  
 Hung on his galling wounds amid the sky,  
 Till the vast debt was paid for mortals due.

How much to Adam's sin was added new  
That day, by the Heaven-blest yet thankless Jew!

“As people gather with a curious eye  
To see some culprit hanged, some house in flames,  
Or flock to view some sportive college games,  
So swarmed the Jews to see this Hero die.  
Assembled to the Paschal feast they came,  
Pilgrims from every tribe throughout the land ;  
In serried ranks before the hill they stand,  
Far as the eye could reach or voice acclaim.

“Swift to the front the vengeful rulers crowd,  
Furious to see their bloody work done well ;  
The scribes and pharisees, with hatred fell,  
Reville the Sufferer with their mockeries loud.  
Yet friends were there to mourn that Setting Star,  
And trembling women watching, stood afar.

“Long hours had passed ; the Victim scarce survived ;  
To human eyes His prospects seemed forlorn ;  
The priests were jocund as the birds at morn,  
Their craft had been in danger while He lived.  
One thief in concert with the throng reviled ;  
The other him rebuked, and warmly said :  
‘We suffer justly for offences dread,  
But this Man's record shows Him undefiled.’  
Then to the glorious One he trembling cries :  
‘Lord, me remember when thine angels come.’

Replied sweet accents through the darkening gloom :  
 ‘Truly, to-day shalt thou in Paradise  
 Be with Me, friend.’ Words of divinest breath !  
 Showing how near is paradise to death.

“ The mighty dazzling orb of day stood still  
 O’er Gibeon’s towers at Joshua’s beck while he  
 Defeated God’s and Israel’s enemy ;  
 But now that loyal sun from Calvary’s hill  
 And all the glorious hills around withdrew  
 His heavenly rays, as though in bitter shame,  
 And sudden darkness on the murderers came,  
 Who stood appalled at what might yet ensue.  
 Rolled the deep thunder on the quivering air ;  
 The strong earth quaked, alike some monster vast  
 In the fierce agonies of death ; a blast  
 Of lightning rent the rocks, its vivid glare  
 Wide scenes a moment from the gloom divests,  
 Of awe-struck gazers smiting on their breasts.

“ The Aramathean ruler came at eve  
 (Thrice happy man to have such loving thought !)  
 Lest further desecration should be wrought  
 On that Dear Form, and begged of Pilate leave  
 To give It sacred burial in his tomb ;  
 For haughty Jews would drag the sad Remains,  
 Trailed at their chariot wheels, by galling chains,  
 Like noble Hector’s unheroic doom.  
 Friends wrapped in linen cloths the Holy Dead,  
 Nor spared rich spices as they wreathed him round,



Then bore Him gently to His rest profound ;  
 And women watching saw where He was laid.  
 'T were vain to embalm Him from decay to save,  
 So brief His sojourn in the chilling grave.

“ A ponderous stone against the entrance rolled,  
 A band of Roman soldiers watching round,  
 A royal seal the work securely crowned ;  
 What power could now those gates of death unfold ?  
 In sable garb the solemn night moved on,  
 In peace within the Sacred Relics slept ;  
 The friendly women watched afar and wept,  
 Till bright as e'er the sun arose and shone.  
 That day was feasting in Jerusalem,  
 And many a Paschal lamb supplied the throng ;  
 The One late crucified, foreshadowed long,  
 Woke endless converse on the pregnant theme ;  
 Some felt secure to know the Prophet dead ;  
 Some doubted, anxious, ‘ Had He guiltless bled ? ’

“ Another night swept on sublime, serene,  
 No evil omen marred the jewelled sky ;  
 The mightiest event of earth was nigh ;  
 Strong sentinels around the tomb were seen.  
 Slowly the glistening stars sank down the west,  
 And now 't was darkest near the coming dawn ;  
 The crowded city silent slumbered on ;  
 The flocks still pressed the dewy hills at rest —  
 A sudden quaking seized earth's solid zone,



For from the heavens an angel power swept down,  
 Rolled back the seal-barred stone, and sat thereon ;  
 His countenance like flames of lightning shone,  
 His raiment snow-white like the lily's bloom.  
 For fear of him the trembling keepers fell  
 Like dead men, nor could answer for or tell  
 What next transpired about that hallowed tomb.  
 'T was then, all conquering, to life's bliss restored,  
 Came forth sublime the Glorious Risen Lord."

And had the Father not an aching Heart,  
 To thus bestow His Son for thankless men ?  
 Had HE, a GOD, no care for others' pain,  
 And in a Child's death-anguish bore no part ?  
 An earthly sovereign loved a darling son,  
 Who by some dire mistake was doomed to death ;  
 Though him the king could rescue with a breath,  
 Wrong counsel urged the thing should not be done,  
 Since this one death would save a nation slain ;  
 For that he failed the rescuing word to impart,  
 Then learned too late the sacrifice was vain,  
 And died a maniac, of a broken heart.  
 And has the GOD above a heart of steel,  
 That would not for His Loved One's anguish feel ?

Oh, life of heaven, for which all this was done ;  
 Ye fadeless realms of everlasting Bliss !  
 Who that immortal heritage would miss,  
 By such dear Blood and Dying Passion won ?

To flourish on to near millennial age,  
 Like Adam, and the pre-diluvian men,  
 And all our joys and faculties retain,  
 Might well indeed our worthiest hopes engage.  
 Just Enoch, thirty decades having spent  
 Below, was then translated to abodes  
 More fair, society more eminent,  
 In realms celestial, 'mong the immortal gods.  
 Since Enoch's course so pleased the Sovereign here,  
 A recompense required a higher sphere.

Oh, life of earth, bequeathed a boundless trust,  
 Who would resign his being back to night,  
 Forego the destiny heaven's gates invite,  
 And sink forgotten, perished in the dust ?  
 To rightly estimate life's utmost worth,  
 Know all its boundless wealth of promise means,  
 One needs survey these fair celestial scenes,  
 Nor judge Elysium by the flowers of earth.  
 How grand is life, how far its limits trend.  
 'T is like a river winding o'er the lea ;  
 Here down some rocky steep its floods descend,  
 With song and beauty in their stormy glee ;  
 Oft kindred affluents with its currents blend,  
 Till, grown sublime, it joins the eternal sea.

The maiden blind could fitly prize life's boon,  
 So long denied the gifts that crown it blest ;  
 The hearts all blessing ever have possessed

Scarce note the roses in their pathway strown.  
 From nature's music, beauteous scenes of earth,  
 Grand inspiration to our being flows ;  
 To souls wherein no fair creation glows,  
 How can full joy or brilliant thought have birth ?  
 To them the hunger for earth's common bliss  
 Tells the high value of life's full delight,  
 Which the unappreciative bosoms miss,  
 As constant surfeit dulls the appetite ;  
 Thus to appraise life's grand felicities  
 Remains to those long famished by their blight.

Oh, life immortal, sum of all desire !  
 What verse inspired could tell thy full delight,  
 Though sung to melody's sublimest height  
 By kingly minstrel and angelic lyre ?  
 The fairest scenes of earth must reach a close,  
 And while they stay are mingled with sad hours,  
 Are shortened by the limit of our powers,  
 And wane with time, as fades the sweetest rose.  
 Yet once beyond earth's sombre, shadowy vale,  
 Like embryo blossoms opening to the day,  
 We rise to scenes which never can decay,  
 Endued with energies that cannot fail.  
 This permanency crowns with bliss the whole,  
 Assuring heaven while endless cycles roll.

## BOOK VII.

An ancient wood attracts me with its shade,  
Which many a league o'er hill and dale extends ;  
From lofty canopy high overhead,  
A fragrant bloom of mingled flowers depends,  
And creeps along the shapely trunks below ;  
Blithe singing birds send forth entrancing lays ;  
Their plumes with lustre mid the blossoms glow.  
An aspect hoar here meets my roving gaze ;  
The mighty trees with lichen-bearded boughs,  
The sunken rocks with mosses cumbered o'er,  
The crystal fount whose jasper urn o'erflows,  
And violets sweet begem the moistened ground.  
These at a glance my eager sight ran o'er,  
Like 't were some consecrated grove of yore.

But other forms my earnest study claimed ;  
Beings were there I well had known before,  
In mortal guise, or by their records famed  
For deeds immortal, on our native shore.  
With rapturous warmth I grasped the proffered hand,  
And heard the music of their heavenly tongue  
Relating glories of that blissful land,  
And memories of the country whence they sprung.  
There Moses, Aaron, Miriam, I espied ;  
The mighty prophet one might study long,  
Nor reach the wealth of character implied

In those heroic features brave and strong ;  
 So might you read upon a column graved,  
 Deeds which a nation from oblivion saved.

I marked with wondering eye and studious thought  
 Those former denizens of earth, to note  
 What change the eventful centuries had wrought  
 Upon their outward seeming, so remote  
 From that they bore upon the shores of time.  
 Full oft in early youth the rustic swain  
 Turns from the rigors of his native clime  
 Some nobler fortune in the world to gain ;  
 Uncouth, perchance ungainly, rude, he seems,  
 And only courage in his look appears ;  
 Not on life's mountain obstacles he dreams,  
 But bravely meets the toil of passing years ;  
 He thus, surrounded by admiring friends,  
 To high refinement, kingly powers, ascends.

So they, I knew, within that classic shade,  
 More glorious aspect wore than when on earth,  
 Too oft to doubt and anxious fear betrayed ;  
 A prey to tribulation from their birth.  
 Their long tuition in the court of heaven,  
 Their intercourse with angels great and wise,  
 Had schooled their natures to a finer tone,  
 And raised their minds to higher excellence,  
 Which in each lineament divinely shone.  
 No pride was coupled with their eminence ;

They warmly welcomed me with grace supreme,  
 As I had been a king, or one of them.  
 I seemed to know each face before unviewed,  
 By some intuitive assent apprized ;  
 Thus Samuel, Joshua, Job, before me stood,  
 In form and feature clearly recognized.  
 It was a brilliant picture to behold,  
 So many forms illustrious there thronged,  
 And note how character had changed their mould,  
 Expressing powers which to each soul belonged.  
 But some there were whose earthly records brief  
 Gave little knowledge of their mental style,  
 As Enoch, or Melchisedec in life ;  
 And these the more engrossed my thought the while,  
 As Shakespeare's early life, unknown to men,  
 Is thrice attractive, since beyond their ken.

Enoch aforetime in my mind was cast  
 As one reserved, sedate, from smiles aloof ;  
 His time in prayer and contemplation passed  
 With heart against all human passion proof.  
 How different now the man from what I deemed ;  
 A genial, philanthropic soul he proved,  
 Of generous action, noblest nature seemed ;  
 One to be honored for his deeds and loved.  
 I longed to know that life so excellent  
 That Heaven preserved it from the blight of death,  
 And how those long, long centuries were spent,  
 So pleasing to his Lord on earth beneath ;

Like some bright beacon down the ages seen,  
Numbered among the faithful that have been.

I whispered this to one who near me stood ;  
He chanced to be Melchisedec the priest.  
We moved a space from out the multitude,  
And this he told me of the man so blest :  
“ No mournful, silent recluse was the man  
You question of, expending leisure years  
In contemplative moods, far from the van  
Of yonder earth’s great philanthropic peers,  
Like idle monks, who kept aloof from war,  
And let the Turk burst through Byzantium’s wall ;  
Or self-loved hermits housed in caves afar,  
Mistaking solitude’s for duty’s call —  
Pardon, thou banished saint of Patmos’ isle,  
And Moses, driven to Sinai’s wastes erewhile.

“ Of all the patriarchal seats that shone  
Dispersed through earth in history’s early morn,  
His was the purest, most delightful one.  
His sons and daughters through long centuries born,  
Their sons and daughters oft-times multiplied.  
And strangers gathered to his retinue  
From savage regions gladly to abide,  
Comprised a goodly state o’er which he threw  
His kindly sway, as patriarch and priest.  
Most wisely and benignly did he reign.  
In Adam’s ripened, mellow age



He frequented the sire's renowned domain,  
Where dwelt unnumbered ancestry around,  
Like frontier settlers on primeval ground.

“Much Adam loved this duteous progeny ;  
It cheered his heart to see the fallen race  
Yield one such gem before his hour to die.  
Fond memories of the past he would retrace,  
And tell the youth of Eden's rapturous bowers,  
Where angels stood revealed before his eyes,  
And tones Divine were heard at twilight hours,  
Within the fragrant groves of Paradise.  
Statutes and wisdom heard from such a tongue  
Were gladly welcomed in his eager mind ;  
Upon the narrative the student hung,  
Enamored of the sentiments refined.  
Thus could he better rule his growing state,  
That it might flourish long by virtue great.

“His wealth abundant grew as years rolled by ;  
Not like the Tyrian king's to swell his pride ;  
He sought the wretched out, who wished to die,  
And like the pious Job their wants supplied.  
A noble prince he was, a saint beloved ;  
From many altars grateful incense rose ;  
Their curling smoke his constant service proved.  
He spoused the orphans' cause against their foes ;  
Was ever ready with a cheering word ;  
Had little need of prisons in his sway,

So much the people to his will deferred.  
 He lived on earth till righteous Noah's day,  
 An object of his people's ardent love ;  
 Was then translated to these courts above."

"God loved the man," I said, "to take him thence,  
 Ere violence in later times prevailed,  
 Till unto Heaven the race was an offence,  
 And vilest crimes by men were unbewailed.  
 About thy name mysterious questions cling,  
 So brief the memoirs of thy deeds below ;  
 A single glimpse of Salem's peaceful king,  
 An emblem priest, is all the records show."  
 "But little more remains," the king replied ;  
 "My reign was long and happy in that sphere ;  
 Memory flits backward o'er time's rolling tide,  
 And pensive broods on seasons once so dear,  
 Like men arrived to highest fame of earth,  
 Remembering still the cottage of their birth.

"I drew my lineage from the sons of Ham ;  
 In time around me grew a goodly state.  
 Direct from Heaven my priestly orders came ;  
 Succession rose not until Aaron's date.  
 Abraham, returning from a martial fray  
 Victorious, halted at my gate to rest ;  
 I went abroad to meet him in the way,  
 And there the father of the faithful blessed.  
 He gave me ample tithes in honor of my place

As priest and servant of the King Most High ;  
 Departing thence, I saw no more his face,  
 Until we met beneath this radiant sky,  
 And talked together of events long past,  
 Like ocean voyagers, safe in port at last."

The dazzling angel Michael, at my side  
 Now reappearing, hailed me with benign address,  
 Nor loving word and glance denied  
 Melchisedec, the type of priest Divine.  
 Returning through the grove, two forms most fair  
 We saw, in earnest speech, apart withdrawn,  
 When Michael said : " Behold the living pair  
 From whom so many souls immortal-born  
 Have sprung ; a race for whose behoof High Heaven  
 Bestows much care — degenerated, yet  
 Not wholly lost ; oft erring, oft forgiven,  
 On whom, to save, the all-loving Heart is set.  
 Unnumbered they as star-dust through the sky,  
 Or drifting sands that heap the desert dry.

" A race unconquerable by their foes ;  
 Whom the arch fiend, attempting to o'erthrow,  
 Was sunk himself thereby in deeper woes,  
 'Mid all his legions to the realms below.  
 Long time the blooming earth has felt man's skill ;  
 In earliest date 't was monuments he reared,  
 When his long life nine centuries had to fill ;  
 Then mighty works and wondrous arts appeared.

And now the mountain range he tunnels through ;  
 Produces lightnings for his motive force ;  
 Launches vast structures on the bounding blue ;  
 Measures the fleetness of the earthquake's course ;  
 Sends his clear voice across an empire wide,  
 His written words beneath an ocean's tide."

I paused to take of this illustrious twain  
 A full survey ; the stately sire was in  
 The radiant bloom of youth restored, as when  
 He first was fashioned by the hand Divine,  
 And raised immortal from the senseless clod  
 The last and noblest of the creatures made ;  
 In form and semblance of a very God,  
 With little less than angel powers arrayed.  
 Albeit he seemed not very young nor old,  
 As age is marked by traces of decay,  
 Upon his regal front a something told  
 Of cultured soul, and powers sublime, which they  
 Of long, eventful history should know.  
 So sculptured towers the paths of empire show.

A softer grace was on the Mother shed,  
 As Love had fashioned all her being fair,  
 And Beauty's self her person had arrayed,  
 While nobler gifts appeared, and genius rare ;  
 For beauty rests not in the outward view  
 Alone, by earthly summers soon defaced,  
 But in this heavenly clime retains her hue,

As Milton's Eve in fadeless colors traced.  
 A sweeter beauty reigns her being through,  
 Of gentleness and trust and boundless love,  
 Like some Divine afflatus from above,  
 Which veils defects of charmers from her view.  
 Pandora well communicates her name,  
 Such wealth of heavenly blessing with her came.

I said : " These famous beings seem the fit  
 And worthy parents of a mighty race " ;  
 Which words were sanctioned in the holy writ :  
 Not much below angelic power their place.  
 With glowing eye and kindling ardor thus  
 The lofty, shining one pursued the theme :  
 " A better fame these twain possess with us  
 Than on the earth, where less is known of them.  
 A single fall to ill was written in  
 The prophet's scroll ; the sentence registered  
 For such offence, no censure else Divine,  
 Appears, no bitter or reproachful word.  
 Their quick repentance, when the deed was done,  
 Reduced the victory by the tempter won."

Adieu to those fair visions of delight.  
 We now had reached the forest's outmost bounds,  
 And stood forth gazing from an airy height ;  
 Below a flowery plain spread wide around,  
 And in the midst a multitude so vast,  
 Of radiant, happy beings gathered there,

Which all the throngs I e'er had viewed surpassed ;  
 And myriads more from grove, and upland fair,  
 And hills around, were hasting thitherward.  
 Amid this concourse dense a throne was raised,  
 Which from our sight a cloud of angels barred ;  
 But through their ranks effulgent glory blazed,  
 Whereby what Beings sat thereon we knew,  
 Although its occupants were veiled from view.

Bright flamed the wings that formed the circling  
 zone ;

I turned to Michael, asking in a breath :  
 "Why congregate around yon dazzling throne  
 Those countless bands ? And why this living wreath  
 Angelic doth its Occupants eclipse ?  
 Assembles oft this boundless, blissful throng ?"  
 "Full oft," he said, " this convocation keeps,  
 From every nation, kindred, people, tongue ;  
 But not of earth alone they hither come ;  
 Scarce rolls a star amid the arching sky  
 That hath not been to one of these a home.  
 They gather here to raise an anthem high  
 Of adoration to the Glorious One above,  
 The Source of bliss, of lover, loved, and love.

"The bands that hover round on easy wing,  
 And veil the central figures from our sight,  
 Are messengers from far, who tidings bring ;  
 Thou late beheldest them in descending flight ;



They wait an audience, when the pæans close ;  
 Then, when the glittering angel clouds unfold,  
 And in the court below their ranks dispose,  
 Hence the effulgent throne we may behold.”  
 Meanwhile, the glorious multitude there thronged,  
 Innumerable as ocean billows seem ;  
 I studied with a gaze enrapt, prolonged,  
 Not like the glances of a fitful dream,  
 An outline history opened to my view,  
 Of years eventful they had journeyed through.

As some illustrious orator deep learned  
 In universal lore, arisen to teach,  
 Looks forth upon the sea of faces turned  
 To meet his searching gaze, he reads from each  
 What fitting words to utter for their weal.  
 E'en so, as gazing out with quickened sight  
 Upon that heavenly throng, I could reveal  
 Some history from each form and visage bright,  
 Of all their devious passage to these fair  
 Abodes ; could tell of ills and conflicts past ;  
 All tokens spoke of rapturous being here ;  
 No traces lingered of time's ruder blast,  
 As oft on earth a mortal blow retains  
 The deep-worn lines of long forgotten pains.

No joyous faces near one pale with woe,  
 None flushed with hope, by those with anguish  
 wrung ;



None bowed with age, mid forms in youth's bright  
glow ;

But all were blissful, beautiful, and young.  
Among their ranks, with transport I beheld  
Kindred beloved, from earthly scenes long missed ;  
The haunts their presence rendered sweet of eld,  
Have lost the hallowed charm they once possessed.  
And now they revelled in immortal Joy ;  
New friends oft gathering from the shores of time ;  
No dreaded parting can their bliss alloy,  
Or mar the friendships of that peerless clime.  
I hoped to meet them, when the song was o'er,  
As I had clasped my dearest ones before.

Full many a blissful group was gathered there,  
Knit by the ties of consanguinity ;  
The sires and grandsires, sons and daughters fair,  
In a long ransomed line of ancestry.  
With brief probation in the earthly state,  
Some passed unsullied to their heavenly rest ;  
Some mid the flying shafts of adverse fate  
Had the rough passage sharply to contest.  
Others, with prosperous fortune had been tried,  
Yet through life's fairest pleasures true abode ;  
And some with woes relentless had been plied  
Lifelong, which called for patience of a god,  
Like that of Job, unfailing to the last,  
Though he was to the arch fiend's malice cast.

They had ascended from fierce battle plains,  
 Slain for their country in sweet freedom's cause ;  
 Or from the bigot's dreadful cell, and chains,  
 Crushed in the inquisition's iron jaws.  
 They had been dashed on cold and barren strands,  
 Where mid the deafening surge life's voyage was  
     done ;  
 Had died of want in famine-stricken lands,  
 With none to succor them beneath the sun.  
 In cruel bondage some had ended life,  
 Scarred with the lash, and wasted with great toil ;  
 Exultant to be rid the thankless strife,  
 Though ' t were in endless sleep beneath the soil.  
 But here those ills seem like a troubled dream,  
 To one awoke in morning's glorious beam.

Now swelled the anthem on that heavenly air ;  
 No voice discordant mingled in the song ;  
 All tongues were tuned to sound harmonious there ;  
 Angelic minstrels led the strain along.  
 In bird-like sweetness rose the treble high,  
 The trumpet tenor blent with finished grace,  
 Seraphic swelled the angelic orchestra,  
 Like diapason thunders rolled the bass.

"Praise, Heavenly Sovereign, praise to Thee, our  
     God ;  
 Hosanna to our Maker, love divine ;  
 Who raised us to this Eden-like abode,

And gave us seats in glory, blest as thine.  
 Creation's boundless realms declare Thy praise ;  
 Eternal years Thy gracious acts proclaim ;  
 We ransomed millions glad Thy worship raise,  
 And add this tribute to Thy endless fame.

“ Thy power all Nature, all things made, attest ;  
 Nor world nor atom moves without Thy hand ;  
 Aurora's crimson on the mountain's crest,  
 And evening shades, appear at Thy command.  
 All Nature's scenes to charm the vision blend,—  
 Fair spring, the bursting bloom, rich autumn's  
     store,  
 The painted clouds that on the air depend,  
 The purple seas that foam on halcyon shores.

“ No mind can fathom Thy creative skill ;  
 To form, give color, perfume to one rose,  
 Were e'en a task most wondrous to fulfil,  
 Much more the laws by which from dust it grows.  
 To call one reasoning being into life,  
 With thought, volition, memory, love indued ;  
 To form one world with elements all rife,  
 Requires a greatness like infinitude.

“ Supreme, illimitable is Thy power ;  
 Thy shining stella far through ether stray ;  
 Not one bright planet, being, gem, or flower,  
 But world on world Thy lavish art display.

How richly varied is Thy fancy's flow,  
 And wondrous versatile Thy fair designs ;  
 In myriad aspects new Thy splendors glow,  
 Exhaustless imagery through nature shines.

“ We praise Thee for our being, loud the strain  
 Through heaven shall rise for this transcendent bliss ;  
 From dust created, in such joy to reign,  
 Heirs to the honors of Thy paradise.  
 We praise Thee for the gifts on us bestowed ;  
 Thou hast enriched us with the power to love,  
 With memory's spacious realms our minds endowed,  
 Where beauteous scenes once present live and move.

“ Thou hast ennobled us with powers divine,  
 Above the gifts to humbler creatures lent ;  
 With thought to revel through these works of Thine,  
 Refulgent through the boundless firmament.  
 For us the landscapes glow, the flowerets bloom ;  
 Song, sweetness, beauty, on our senses fall ;  
 Rich beams of bliss our every path illumine ;  
 Morn, eve, and noonday for high praises call.

“ Magnificent the resource of Thy thought ;  
 With ease Thou mov'st the ponderous, rolling  
     spheres ;  
 In all their countless trains one faileth not ;  
 Thy magic voice Arcturus trembling hears,  
 And leads his suns far flaming through the sky ;

Orion, Taurus, Virgo, mute obey,  
 And onward in bright phalanx circling fly,  
 Nor rest nor falter in their dazzling way.

“Thou hast redeemed us from the power of ill ;  
 Hast rescued us from guilt or taint of wrong ;  
 No more shall mortal dread our bosoms thrill,  
 For we are ransomed, — swells our rapturous song :  
 Worship and adoration, endless praise,  
 To Him who bought for us this hallowed bliss.  
 Myriads in humbler worlds attempt such lays ;  
 We but attempt hosannas due in this.

“We sing Thy boundless, condescending love,  
 Which stoops to notice e’en the lowliest name ;  
 Thy kindly thoughts to all the sorrowing move,  
 Though throned thyself amid such joy and fame.  
 Thee, Sovereign, Maker, Fountain of all things,  
 Supporter of all worlds, all life, all power,  
 Exultant songs to Thee, blest King of kings,  
 Shall tune our grateful hearts each joyous hour.

“Praise for that inextinguishable love,  
 Which gave Thy Son to call us from the dead ;  
 A love intense, the joy of worlds above,  
 Like women lavish on the hearts they wed.  
 No power can separate us from His love ;  
 Let saints below believe the gospel true ;  
 We oft on earth like wandering sheep did rove ;  
 Thy mercy brought us to the fold anew.

"Lo! never ending is our perfect bliss ;  
 Immortal shine for us the heavenly towers ;  
 A thousand times it swells our happiness,  
 To know that through eternal years 't is ours.  
 If e'en a myriad years this life were given,  
 'T would chill our joys to know it then must end.  
 The thought would mar the very bliss of heaven.  
 But now for us perpetual years extend.

"What tasks immense, immeasurable, are Thine,  
 To care for all the rolling worlds on high ;  
 To fix their rain-falls, when their suns shall shine,  
 And every creature's endless wants supply.  
 A universal alchemy is Thine ;  
 All powers, all principles, obey Thy will ;  
 At Thy behest world-sovereignties decline,  
 A nod from Thee, and ocean's rage is still.

"Harmonious are Thy works — no clashing spheres,  
 Discordant rolling, break heaven's order fair ;  
 No sun unbridled through void ether steers,  
 Nor comet reckless trails his glittering hair.  
 No sounds rise dissonant in nature's praise,  
 From note of bird, to ocean's thunderous roar ;  
 No colors in wild discord harshly blaze  
 Through arching sky, torn sea, or pictured shore.

"Precious is life e'en though in humbler spheres,  
 Where only tokens of Thy glory shine,



And where amid Thy wondrous works appears  
 No presence visible of Love Divine ;  
 But only faith can pierce the mystic veil  
 Which hides Jehovah from His creatures' sight,  
 And where no voices whisper on the gale,  
 Returned with tidings from the world of light.

"But here amid the glories now unveiled  
 To view in these Elysian worlds sublime,  
 So many beings long with hope have hailed,  
 And patient waited for through lengthened time,  
 How priceless is the boon ! No cumbrous clod  
 Again our freeborn spirits can impede,  
 Or from our vision hide the Triune God,  
 Whose Presence makes a Paradise indeed.

"Praise, Heavenly Sovereign — praise to Thee our  
 God —

Hosanna to our Maker, Love Divine,  
 Who raised us to this Eden-like abode,  
 And gave us seats in glory blest as Thine.  
 Creation's boundless works declare Thy praise ;  
 Eternal years Thy gracious acts proclaim ;  
 We ransomed millions glad our homage raise,  
 And add this tribute to Thy endless fame."

The heavenly anthem ceased, yet angel lyres  
 Still poured soft melody upon the air,  
 And mingled with the sweet orchestral choir



The song of warbling birds, in notes most rare,  
 The rustling foliage, and the waterfall ;  
 And o'er that halcyon plain which glowed serene  
 Rose oft around the regal palm tree tall,  
 And hoary cedars wreathed with evergreen.  
 Above were angels hovering brightly plumed,  
 And in the midst that radiant, rapturous throng,  
 Which beams of glory from the throne illumed,  
 Like roseate sunbeams thwart a landscape flung ;  
 Each joyous countenance was heavenly bright,  
 As glittering in that uncreated light.

It was a scene to be remembered well ;  
 Still in my soul the lofty music rang,  
 Though on my ear the sounds no longer fell.  
 Oft where accumulated gems may hang  
 Of famous painters, in some temple vast,  
 With life-like marble sculpture ranged around,  
 And hero forms in shining metal cast,  
 One lingers long in pleasing study bound,  
 Charmed with the varied glories there portrayed.  
 Much more enrapturing did this vision glow,  
 Since living beauty every form arrayed,  
 And animation flushed each beaming brow.  
 Soon murmurs rose as from a mighty throng,  
 Held by the charm of some oration long.

Awhile in loving converse they remained,  
 Friend met with friend amid that countless host ;

Our listening ears the tuneful murmur gained,  
 But on my sense the mingled words were lost.  
 Erelong their outer ranks were seen to break,  
 And scatter joyous through the encircling grove ;  
 The remnant then withdrew a space, to make  
 An opening for the glittering hosts above.  
 Quickly began the heralds to descend,  
 And range their shining bands in order there ;  
 Then soon I deemed the moving cloud would rend,  
 And show the dazzling sight beyond, but ere  
 Their ranks had parted where the dais shone,  
 E'en that mine eyes to such effulgence led  
 Could note the Glorious Presence throned thereon,  
 Behold, the wondrous Heavenly Vision fled.

I woke amid the gleam of humbler towers,  
 Environed with all scenes of human life,  
 Which called my former dim and fettered powers  
 Again to mingle in earth's tempting strife.  
 Yet not in vain the visions late beheld,  
 To one launched fateful on the stream of Time ;  
 To nobler action thence I was impelled  
 By that full dream of destiny sublime ;  
 I woke to loftier sense of Deity,  
 Expanded views of Power and Works Divine,  
 A worthier estimate of life to be,  
 And of our present being's high design,  
 Like one far travelled o'er the trophied earth  
 Returns soul-broadened to his land of birth.

My dream could fathom not Eternity —  
Let myriad rolling ages flee of time,  
Like Space beyond, Duration still must be.  
A Present still, a Future, far and dim.

Mortals seem born to more exalted fate,  
Faith's eagle pinions vaster heavens explore,  
To rapturous homes Love wings his way elate,  
Hope's golden anchor holds in firmer shore.  
More real beseems the earth with all her dead,  
Since from their ashes nobler forms shall rise ;  
Mid works imperishable thus we tread,  
While mightier glories throng the eternal Skies.

## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

---

### THE CENTURY BELL, 1901, FIRST HOUR.

I woke to hear its grandly rhythmic clang  
Peal forth upon the tranquil midnight air.  
A brilliant century's final knell it rang,  
Like some vast baton's stroke to close it there.  
What memories throng of all the seasons fair,  
Enjoyed along its softly gliding years,  
Of vanished loved ones who that bliss did share,  
And now are tenants of diviner spheres,  
Though oft their silent absence wakes the flowing  
tears.

Large growth has bled our nation in that time —  
Ten decades back our flag had scarce a name,  
Yet boldly flaunted in remotest clime ;  
But scanty commerce to our borders came ;  
Our lands were forests, haunts of savage game.  
And now those regions long so desolate  
Bear countless throbbing cities high in fame ;  
In myriad temples watchers kneeling wait,  
Adoring, supplicating Him who rules all fate.

What endless marvels can the century show,  
Of wondrous arts and fabrics prized to-day !

Daguerreotype and forms that from it flow ;  
 The magic megaphone, the Roentgen ray ;  
 New anæsthetics mortal pain to stay ;  
 Electric motor, steam to fleets applied ;  
 Long telephone to call friends far away ;  
 Swift cabled words beneath the ocean tide,  
 And thousand wondrous lights in science, shining  
     wide.

And much of change the elder realms have viewed,  
 To note within this West an empire grow,  
 With strength and buoyancy of youth indued,  
 Tried in fierce conflict with fraternal foe.  
 Then Freedom triumphed in that bitter woe,  
 And like a goddess with unruffled mien  
 Points to her various enemies laid low ;  
 While prosperous peace and beauty crown the scene,  
 Where grievous wrong and dangerous strife full long  
     had been.

No playful task the century new will find  
 To write a record equal to the last —  
 It should succeed, with all the lights behind,  
 To be among reforming ages classed,  
 Nor fall below the heights already passed.  
 'T would seem, like Alps, no higher could be found,  
 And 't were enough to hold the present fast ;  
 But when earth's census shall to billions bound,  
 No longer old-time methods will be laurel crowned.

## JUNE.

Nature turns poet when drear winter flies,  
And creates beauty for her lovers' eyes :

Her varied theme original, divine,  
Fresh on the sight luxuriantly grows.

In magic light the peerless colors shine,  
Swift o'er the landscape wide her epic flows,  
Sublimely fair the inspiring vision glows.

In days of June her numbers loftiest rise,  
Then all is song beneath the arching skies ;

The roseate morn ascends 'mid joyous sound  
From bleating flocks and blithe, melodious bird.

The gleeful lambkins leaping spurn the ground,  
In dewy pasture feeds the peaceful herd,  
By gentle gales the leafy grove is stirred.

The fragrant earth sends up her wealth of green,  
The serried grain, the blossomed vine are seen,

And fruits fast forming on the shapely trees ;  
Fair gardens brightened by the crystal shower,  
Where pleasing odors scent the evening breeze  
Exhaled from aromatic shrub and flower,  
(And lovers wooing in the umbrageous bower).

Hail, Goddess ! Beauteous Goddess, hail !  
Thy charms redundant every sense regale.

Kindly may the loitering spring awake ;  
 She brought the mist of green, the orchard bloom,  
 The wildwood flowerets from long slumbers broke,  
 That heaped the air with heaven-distilled perfume.  
 Peace to her memory, blessings on her tomb.

But thou voluptuous fulness bring'st where she  
 But traced the radiant beauty soon to be.

Each ragged hedge thick flowers and foliage hide,  
 The stony brook flows warbling in deep shade.

Full robes of green round out the mountain side,  
 Each jutting cliff in emerald margin laid ;  
 No graceless lines the heaven-drawn view invade.

Long time and far thy glory has been famed,  
 Well wert thou whilom for a goddess named.

All living things exult amid thy sway,  
 Each bosom bounds with joy when thou art by.

The young are doubly fair and bright and gay ;  
 The aged gaze around with happier eye,  
 And wish remote the signal hour to die.

To die ! Ah me ! But death ill fits thy time,  
 The tragic note belongs to other rhyme ;

Youth, beauty, vigor, joyous life are thine,  
 And love that glosses every scene around,

And countless blessings from the Hand Divine ;  
 All Eden's joys within thy reign abound,  
 For these, sweet goddess, thou art ever crowned.



## INCIDENT AT WELLESLEY.

A matron pale upon the couch was laid ;  
Long months of pain had robbed her cheek of bloom ;  
Beside her watched as nurse a beauteous maid —  
A glow of fragrant blossoms cheered the room.

Night settled grim, like bird of evil doom,  
The youthful watcher on the bed sank down ;  
Two silent forms approach amid the gloom,  
One Somnus sweet, one Death with boding frown.

Somnus the maiden touched with gentle wand,  
Then sweetest slumber all her being thrilled ;  
Death touched the matron with his icy hand —  
And, quick as thought, her throbbing bosom stilled.

The fair attendant woke ere break of day,  
And turned to greet her friend — but ah, what dread !  
There still and icy cold the matron lay,  
Beside the beauteous maiden slept the dead.

THE FIRST HUNDRED LINES OF THE  
ILIAD IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

Goddess celestial! O sing the ruinous wrath of  
Achilles,  
Peleus' son, which bore the Achæans myriad disasters;  
Hurling untimely to Hades countless brave spirits of  
heroes,  
Leaving their bodies untombed for dogs and gaunt  
vultures a banquet.  
Thus was accomplished great Jupiter's will, since  
King Agamemnon,  
Frenzied with anger, strove with Achilles, the son of  
a goddess.  
Who, provoked of the gods, first entangled these  
chieftains in hatred?  
Phœbus, the son of Latona and Jove. He, crossed  
by the monarch,  
Smote the Greek army with pestilence fell, and the  
people were dying  
On account of Chrysa his priest, whom the king had  
dishonored.  
For a suppliant he came to the swift-gliding ships of  
the Grecians,  
Seeking with infinite treasures release for his daughter,  
a captive;

Holding aloft in his hands the fillet and golden-  
wrought sceptre

Lent by far-darting Apollo. By these he persuades  
all the heroes ;

But the leaders, two sons of King Atreus, chiefly  
imploing :

“Ye Atrides, and all ye other well-greaved Achæans,  
May the gods on Olympus’ high summit in mansions  
abiding,

Grant you Troy laid in dust, and your fleets to return  
joyous homeward,

But restore to these arms my loved daughter and take  
the fair ransom,

Rendering homage to Jupiter’s son, the far-shining  
Phœbus.”

Then the Greeks all assent, and with earnest voices  
demanded,

Chrysa the priest to revere, and accept the glittering  
treasures.

But Atrides the King, not pleased to consent in the  
matter,

Answered the priest with rough words and repulsed  
him with insolent manner :

“Never, old man, again at the hollow barks let me  
find you,

Either loitering here now, nor returning obtrusive  
hereafter,

Else the fillet and staff of the god shall fail to protect you.

I the damsel to thee will not render, but rather her beauty,

Far among strangers in Argos, shall waste at my home unregarded ;

Plying the shuttle her hands shall employ, and my couch daily dressing ;

But begone while thus safely thou canst, no longer provoke me."

Thus he spake, and the hoary man, fearing, regarded his mandate.

Silently going he came to the strand of the hoarse-roaring ocean ;

Lonely there, wandering apart, the father preferred his petition

To Apollo the king, the offspring of fair-haired Latona :

"Hear me, thou God of the silvery bow who thy Chrysa and Cilla

Kindly art wont to protect, and o'er Tenedos mightily reignest.

If I ever to Sminthius have reared a graceful arched temple,

Or if e'er the fat thighs of bullocks and goats I have offered,

Curling in smoke from thy shrine, this entreaty for  
 me now accomplish ;  
 Let the Danaon legions pay for my tears by thine  
 arrows."

Thus he spake as he prayed, and to him was Apollo  
 attentive,  
 And enraged in his heart he dashed down the heights  
 of Olympus,  
 Having his bow and his closely-wrapt quiver bound  
 on his shoulders.  
 Loudly rattled the shafts on the back of him angrily  
 hasting ;  
 And he moved along like the night — anon he was  
 seated  
 Distant apart from the ships, and discharged among  
 them an arrow.

Dreadful arose the clangor then of the silver-wrought  
 weapon —  
 First the mules he attacked, and swift dogs herding  
 watchfully near them ;  
 Next at the warriors themselves he dispatched his  
 sharp-cutting missiles ;  
 Madly he smote — countless fires of the dead rose  
 flaming before them.  
 Nine full days did Apollo's death-dealing weapon assail  
 them ;  
 On the tenth Achilles called in assemblage the people.

This had the goddess inspired in his heart, the snowy-  
 armed Juno,  
 Who lamented on seeing the terrible plague smite  
 her Argives.  
 They to him thereupon from all sides collecting  
 assembled ;  
 And to them having risen, spake forth swift-footed  
 Achilles :

“Son of Atreus, I think — since our project seems  
 now abortive,  
 One would gladly return, if we haply might 'scape  
 from destruction,  
 Since the plague and the carnage of war both subdue  
 the Achæans.  
 But some prophet or priest of renown let us seek for  
 our counsel,  
 Or some dreamer (for even a dream by Jove is sug-  
 gested),  
 Who may tell why Phœbus Apollo so greatly is  
 angered,  
 Whether for vows unaccomplished, or hecatombs due  
 at his altars,  
 And if haply for savor of lambs and kids offered un-  
 blemished,  
 He will be pleased to avert from our army this pesti-  
 lence dreary.”  
 Thus having spoken, Achilles was seated ; then rose  
 to them Calchas,

Son of Thestor, of all the diviners of omens the foremost,

Who the past and the present well knew, and the years yet unfolded,

And who guided the Danaon barks to Ilion's borders  
Through the genius divine conferred by the shining Apollo.

He to them well disposed then answering replied to the chieftains :

“O Achilles, beloved of high Jove, thou bidst me interpret

This fell wrath of royal Apollo, the far-darting archer;  
Therefore to thee I declare it, and thou to me covenant truly

On thy part, and swear both by action and word to protect me,

For methinks I shall anger a man widely reigning o'er Argos,

And to whom the Achæans all render willing obedience.

For a king when enraged will o'ercome a man of low station,

Since although for a time he controls his wrath, silently smouldering,

None the less it will yet be accomplished, because he still harbors,

Pent in his bosom, the anger.

But say if thou wilt defend me ?”

Then to the sacred seer in return swift Achilles responded :



“Be encouraged in heart, and freely declare what thou knowest ;

For I swear to thee, Calchas, by Jupiter's fav'rite Apollo,

When having prayed, if thou utter thy message divine to the Grecians,

While I have being on earth, and behold things transpiring around me,

That no mortal here by the hollow ships shall molest thee ;

'Mong the whole Danaon host, though thou mention even Agamemnon,

Who exalts himself now as mightiest of all the Achæans.”

Then well encouraged in heart, again spoke the blameless tongued prophet :

“Neither for vows unaccomplished, nor hecatombs due at his altars,

But because of his priest, whom the king Agamemnon dishonored ;

Neither restored he the daughter, nor from him accepted the ransom.

Therefore Apollo sends evils, and yet to our grief will prolong them,

Nor will ever avert this pestilent blight from our army,

Till the maid of the quick-rolling eye is restored to her father,

All unransomed, unpurchased with gold, and a hecatomb sacred  
Given to Chrysa. By these rites we may haply persuade him."

Thus having spoken, the prophet was seated ; arose  
then the hero  
Agamemnon, son of Atreus, wide-ruling o'er Argos ;  
Greatly moved, his gloomy breast high swelling with  
anger,  
And his eyes like fire were flaming — wrathfully  
viewing  
Calchas, the priest ; him he chiefly harangued : " Thou  
prophet of Evil — "

## AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Sweet Spring awoke the daisy from her tomb,  
 And oped the violet in the meadows green ;  
 Burst the sweet primrose bud in fragrant bloom,  
 And decked the orchard trees in bridal sheen.

Next, Summer's gorgeous blossoms richly gemmed  
 The earth's green mantle o'er with heavenly hue,  
 And fairer scenes than poet ever dreamed,  
 Through hill and valley met the ravished view.

Now all is changed ; those visions bright are flown,  
 Wild, stormy winds have swept the woodlands bare,  
 And rustling, withered leaves our paths have strown,  
 Whose sound thrills harshly on the biting air.

Yet linger still some ruddy Autumn flowers,  
 That in unsheltered gardens bravely bloom ;  
 Nipped by the blast and wet with chilling showers,  
 They light our path to Winter's coming gloom.

Long may ye bide, sweet flowers of Autumn time,  
 To cheer those eyes that mourn the Summer gone,  
 Like friendly birds which linger in our clime,  
 When wings of gayest feather long have flown.

## TIME.

Tick, tick, tick, my clock was telling,  
 While I sat and mused alone,  
 Fast the precious moments knelling,  
 As they joined the ages flown.

When the sound my thought attracted,  
 First I said, How long is Time !  
 Ne'er will all its scenes be acted,  
 Ne'er will cease this restless chime.

'Tis the measure of duration,  
 Merged in vast eternity,  
 Since the dawning of Creation  
 Told by gnomons of the sky.

Then I thought, but in probation  
 Every moment is like gold,  
 For the duties of our station,  
 As a web each day unrolled.

Brief the space for mirth and leisure,  
 Save to mend our wasted powers ;  
 As the miser hoards his treasure,  
 Let me prize the golden hours.

But beyond the dreaded river,  
 Safe upon some happier shore,  
 Where extends the long forever,  
 Time's swift flight shall grieve no more.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE DEATH OF  
GENERAL GRANT.

Clouds o'er the nation hung in heavy gloom,  
Wild storms of wrath assailed the helm of State ;  
The friends of Freedom trembled for her doom,  
And paled and flushed at every turn of fate.  
Strife long protracted must their strength consume,  
Then alien troops would tread our shores elate ;  
Nor were their anxious bodings vain alarms,  
While half a million rebels stood in arms.

The bravest Union chieftains had in vain  
Against the rampant foe their columns led ;  
Back they were hurled dismayed, or on the plain  
All mangled cast, the dying and the dead.  
Oft they assayed again and yet again ;  
Disaster followed, shy-winged Fortune fled ;  
Treasure and blood were poured in boundless waste,  
And Hope sank fainting in the Nation's breast.

At length appeared slow rising on the scene,  
Sure as the sun emerging from the night,  
A true-born soldier framed in modest mien,  
Sparing of words, yet prodigal of fight.  
Through envious rivalry, and jealous spleen,  
His genius bore him to the Nation's sight ;

Named for Ulysses, great in mythic fame,  
But here the true excelled the lyric name.

Immortal chieftain, when thy spacious mind  
Grasped the whole field of war, from east to west,  
And noble Lincoln to thy hands consigned  
All martial power the Union States possessed,  
To sway at will with license unconfined,  
And even to know thy plans forebore request,  
Power that no chief before had skill to wield,  
'T was then the traitor's turn to humbly yield.

Alas ! what heroes in the lengthened fray  
On hard-fought battle-fields had bled in vain,  
For want of thy sure hand to guide the way,  
And vantage reap for every warrior slain.  
Like some fierce lion on the hapless prey,  
Thy deadly hold was fastened to remain ;  
Rebellion reeled before thy giant blows,  
And quivering sank in sharp, expiring throes.

Exultant joy then filled the grateful land,  
Voices long mute to pæans were restored,  
High swung the conquering flag in Freedom's hand,  
To jocund notes the deep-mouthed cannon roared,  
While Peace and Victory led the triumph grand.  
True thanks to thee, to favoring Heaven, were poured ;  
Hail to the Chief ! rang out on every breeze ;  
Thy gathering fame flew o'er the rolling seas.

An high-born nature Heaven bestowed on thee ;  
 A kingly soul, magnanimous and pure ;  
 'Gainst envy proof, from base detraction free ;  
 Malice, revenge, knocked vainly at thy door ;  
 It made thee peerless in war's ministry,  
 Noble and wise upon the council floor,  
 Divinely patient and serene beneath  
 The stroke of fell disease, sublime in death.

No grander name bedecks the glittering scroll  
 Of martial fame, through the long list sublime  
 That centuries old and nations brave in soul  
 Have graven there ; the mighty flow of time  
 Shall but increase thy glory as the roll  
 Of long, eventful ages moves, and rhyme  
 And history's faithful page thy deeds shall place  
 With latest generations of our race.

Ye deathless heroes of the trophied past,  
 Names that like distant stars in silence shine,  
 Virtue and fame-inspiring beacons, fast  
 Enthroned on high, down through your glorious line  
 Our dazzled gaze in coming time we'll cast,  
 With grateful memories from our bosom's shrine.  
 The name here lauded peers your starry fame ;  
 Welcome our hero to the world's acclaim.

Illustrious Lincoln, reft by dastard hand  
 From scenes terrestrial, when full joy was nigh,



And beams of peace were breaking o'er the land,  
Like sun-gleams bursting from a storm-rent sky;  
If haply near heaven's portal thou dost stand,  
And toward the inbound travellers cast an eye,  
With warmest welcome from thy soul that pours,  
Hail thy loved Chieftain to the immortal shores.

1889

LINES TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY  
YOUTH.

Ye hopeful voyagers on life's trackless wave,  
That rolls sublimely 'twixt us and the grave,  
Which many barks have glided safely o'er,  
While thousands, wrecked, lie mouldering on the  
    shore,  
No idle task ye have to stem the flood,  
By adverse gales and threatening seas withstood,  
And hidden reefs beneath the yielding tide,  
And syren tongues full oft to lure aside,  
If in some prosperous haven ye would land,  
Unwrecked by ills, nor through misdeeds unmanned.

List, therefore, to the hoary minstrel's lay,  
Whom many years, and record sad, have taught  
To know the life-paths that do well repay  
Aspiring youths, with lofty purpose fraught,  
For all the hazard of their chequered way,  
And all their faithful toil in patience wrought ;  
That in the retrospect of later years  
No cause arise for unavailing tears.

The magnitude of life's Divine bequest  
Is past angelic thought to comprehend,

All glories possible, all raptures blest,  
 Of present, past, and future therein blend;  
 Love, memory, hope, what treasures in them rest!  
 Their joys supreme all simile transcend.  
 On this arena glowing scenes are cast  
 In lines of destiny Divinely traced.

All human lives immortal here must be,  
 They fashion other lives to endless time,  
 Like tidal-waves that sweep the eternal sea,  
 And mould succeeding billows through each clime.  
 No evil deed its dire effects can flee,  
 No act heroic miss results to rhyme;  
 All lives united form one golden chain,  
 Link joined to link, none severed can remain.

The multitude of nations that have been,  
 Have stamped their impress on the current age,  
 Like mountain shadows on the vales between;  
 So ours must reimpress earth's later stage,  
 Adding fresh color to the living scene,  
 Some strokes of progress on the historic page.  
 In this bright opening youthful feet are led,  
 Lighted by beacons from the ages fled.

The nineteenth-century-born are favored sons  
 And daughters e'en among a heaven-formed race,  
 Born to an age imperial, that enthrones  
 Its prosperous children on time's loftiest place

Of lustrous vision, whence they should bequeath  
 To later generations grandest store  
 Of influence perpetual, and wreath  
 With honored fame their memories evermore.

The unburied lore of prehistoric times  
 From pyramid, necropolis, and empires dead ;  
 Bright waves of progress rolled to darkest climes,  
 From fairer realms, more wisely, nobly bred ;  
 New births of freedom in a slave-stained world,  
 Refulgent beams of science, arts benign, [hurled,  
 Like sweeping flash-lights through earth's kingdoms  
 Proclaim the passing century divine.

Two paths divergent from life's morning run,  
 But slightly parted in youth's earliest stage,  
 Still more dividing as they lengthen on,  
 To separate widely neath the steps of age,  
 In scenes and fortunes far remote to end,  
 Like ships forth bound to widely sundered shores,  
 Or sister streams that from high source descend,  
 This mid fair towns, that through wild jungles pours.

One path descending through sweet valleys lies ;  
 There tropic verdure clothes the scene around,  
 Groves dark with glossy foliage meet the skies,  
 Perfume, rich fruits, and nature's songs abound.  
 Full many pilgrims strayed these haunts among,  
 With aimless purpose save for present joy ;

In thoughtless mirth and sports they move along,  
Heedless of cares that earnest minds employ.

The nobler path 'mid sterner prospects leads  
Through fruitful, cultured regions blessed by toil,  
Crowned with full harvests for an empire's needs,  
And people brave, an honor to the soil.  
There cities rise by enterprising hands,  
There happy towns and hamlets multiply,  
Brave ships of commerce seek remotest lands  
By which the thriving nations sell and buy.

The minstrel saw through vistas long of time,  
How fared the pilgrims on their chosen way,  
How in the first they fell in early prime,  
O'erthrown and vanquished by fierce passion's sway,  
Or lost to manhood sank in luxury down,  
Unfit for pillars in the nation's frame,  
Like Rome's once mighty sons effeminate grown,  
Who died to Freedom when stern Alaric came.

The upward path a nobler aspect showed ;  
There sons and daughters fair, in youth's bright bloom,  
With dauntless purpose through all barriers trode,  
Like Stanley's troop 'mid Afric's forest gloom.  
They every gift of mind and body trained  
For power to rise in life's exalted aims,  
And all unnerving passions tightly reined  
Like athletes fitting for the Olympian games.

All nature's laws conspire to prosper these,  
 Temperance and industry bring just reward,  
 Health, peace, and thrift, their Heaven-lent legacies,  
 The few exceptions well with rule accord.  
 Though Jacob's son in Egypt suffered pain,  
 His sterling virtues on to fortune led;  
 All precious things of heaven and earth and main  
 The mighty seer invoked upon his head.

Among earth's teeming multitudes, though few  
 Can be distinguished in the roll of fame,  
 As with the stars that spangle heaven's broad blue,  
 Small part can vie with Venus' glowing flame,  
 Yet all compose one shining galaxy,  
 So each of humankind some worthy sphere  
 Can fill, to brighten life's fair moral sky,  
 No less than they who tread an high career.

Heroes are not for battle-plains alone,  
 They dwell in lowly cot and stately hall,  
 Spend lives of noble action all unknown,  
 Save to the souls who on their love do call,  
 Like nestling birds who need the mother's care.  
 So myriads act with self-denying zeal  
 Even pestilence and battle-carnage dare,  
 Blessed with sweet charity for other's weal.

Angels are not unknown beneath the sun,  
 They visit earthly haunts in human guise,

As Lady Nightingale, who praises won,  
 And grateful, loving looks from dying eyes ;  
 And thousands raised from death's brink by her care,  
 Lived to implore heaven's blessings on her head.  
 Gold, ease, and health renounced this angel fair,  
 To assuage the anguish by war's rigors bred.

No less angelic Saint Theresa grew,  
 But through long years of untold agony,  
 In crucible of pain that might undo  
 A thousand heroes who in battle die.  
 Much more she suffered from religious dread —  
 Of superstitious times the fruitage dire,  
 Yet through them all, in trembling hope, was led  
 Refined and glorified, as gold by fire.

And myriad more such loving hearts and pure,  
 Unknown to fame, have lived, are living still,  
 Of humble rank, perchance, in homes obscure,  
 But hearts that boundless love and sweetness thrill.  
 The poor and wretched feel their sacred power ;  
 A halo of blest influence clothes them round,  
 As glow and perfume haunt the rose-clad bower —  
 Through the world's Homes Angelic lives abound.

As fruitful, flowering gardens must deny  
 All place to barbarous weed and choking tare,  
 To render fitting guerdon to the planter's care,  
 And beauty to the nature-loving eye ;



Much more indeed must human character  
 Be wisely pruned of each degrading thing,  
 Like noxious tares from hidden seeds that spring  
 To guard the nature pure, the fancy clear.

When some proud temple rising to the sky,  
 Of beauteous aspect and sublime extent,  
 Designed for use and stately ornament,  
 And planned time's ravages to long defy,  
 Waits to be reared, the builders wisely lay  
 Secure foundations for the massive pile,  
 That nothing cause, in faulty work or style,  
 Untimely breach or premature decay.

Life is a temple vast, magnificent  
 In lustre and proportions as we choose  
 To build, and fine or base material use,  
 And character 's the base-rock permanent,  
 Bearing the splendor of the living whole,  
 From solid groundwork to the crowning stone ;  
 No blemished column should arise thereon,  
 No stain appear on graven arch or scroll.

Form characters all time to outlast serene,  
 Like pyramids the ancient builders reared,  
 The elements and earthquakes e'en have spared  
 To show what mighty nations once had been.  
 Their near survivors like them builded vast,  
 And reared sublime memorials, late to fade ;

But later short-lived generations laid  
 Foundations long 'neath mingled ruins cast.  
 Not so the base-rock of a life should be,  
 On which depends so much of destiny.

A famous painter with well practised eye  
 Sought for an ideal subject in the bloom  
 Of youth, divinely fair as from the sky,  
 Wherewith to grace his canvas, and illumine  
 Yet more the galleries of his pictured room.  
 Long was his search through village, hamlet, town ;  
 Full many a morn his quest he did resume,  
 Like Jason for the fleece of old renown.  
 Success the while forebore his ardent wish to crown.

At length about a flower-wreathed cottage in  
 A fairy nook, where nature beamed around  
 Her sweetest smile amid the pleasing din  
 Of warbling bird and brook, and ringing sound  
 Of woodman's axe, prone on the swarded ground,  
 Beneath a fragrant, shading tree reclined,  
 The wonder of his quest the artist found,  
 The fairest creature e'er to love assigned,  
 A peerless boy, with face of beauty heaven-refined.

This to his canvas he with joy transferred,  
 And in his studio hung the beauteous thing ;  
 Perchance ye oft before the tale have heard,  
 Why should I farther of its fortunes sing ?

Or to your thought the strange denouement bring?  
 What changes might a prophet's tongue proclaim?  
 What loving hearts might foreseen changes wring?  
 Years rolled away; from far admirers came  
 And saw and praised the work of wondrous fame.

In time a fancy seized the artist's mind  
 To hang a face most hideous to the view  
 Beside the boy, and forth he hied to find  
 A fitting subject for the work to do.  
 'Twas in a loathsome cell, the copy true  
 He found of Satan's visage fierce and wild,  
 From which, with pains, in wretched plight he drew  
 The ugliest portrait canvas e'er defiled,  
 And hung in vivid contrast by the lovely child.

It chanced the while he learned the culprit's name,  
 When to his wondering fancy 't was made known,  
 His two companion pictures were the same;  
 The child of innocence to manhood grown,  
 Had fallen a wreck from truth and beauty's throne.  
 Then sought the artist, with a kindly grace,  
 That swift-descending path to ruin prone  
 From prison comrades backward to retrace,  
 And learn what foul career such glory did efface.

'T was but a single step at first toward ill,  
 That slight departure oped the gates of woe;  
 Yet others followed darker, fouler still,  
 That registered their stains upon his brow.

Deep plunges later in vice's tempting show  
 Deformed and scathed those features once so bright ;  
 With ever-quickenning pace he sank below  
 Like boulder downward hurled from mountain height,  
 A marred and ruined nature in crime's hopeless night.

So might a crystal streamlet joyous spring  
 From some pure fount along the mountain side,  
 Through violet-scented meadows gaily sing,  
 Nor get a stain upon its limpid tide ;  
 Anon it broadens to a river wide,  
 By kindred streams that to its bosom flow,  
 Till in some city turned its waters hide,  
 To emerge, dark-stained, with sewerage foul below,  
 And to the engulfing sea their stenchful torrents  
     throw.

Keep innocence for beauty's sake alone  
 If not beside, since native comeliness  
 Makes easier way to love's and fortune's throne ;  
 But thoughts of conscious inward guilt impress  
 Their shadows on the facial lines, no less  
 Than mar the attraction of a noble mien,  
 And manhood rob of nature's fairest dress,  
 Like blighted trees deflowered of living green,  
 Self-doomed to wither from decay unseen within.

Syrens are not a myth, nor reft of power,  
 They ply enchantment in the flowing bowl ;

They lure to ruin in the festive hour,  
 When buoyant hearts forget their self-control.  
 In gorgeously decked haunts the syren waits,  
 With hidden purpose in the flashing wine,  
 As the barbed glittering hook the angler baits,  
 And takes the unwary fish upon his line.

The fascinating lure of ardent drink  
 Sweeps down its millions to an early grave.  
 The trembling, staggering throngs along the brink  
 Should those approaching near deter and save ;  
 But one draught taken, caution is dethroned,  
 The youth, like helmless bark, drifts wildly on.  
 As soon might Ethiopian change to blonde,  
 As aught less Power Divine save such an one.

Do there not ills enough beset man's way,  
 In perils unforeseen that none can shun,  
 In blights inevitable night and day,  
 Whereby most glowing prospects are undone ?  
 Must baneful appetites be yet acquired,  
 To multiply life's dangers thousand fold,  
 That hearts with Bacchanalian passions fired,  
 Should heap on home, and kindred griefs untold ?

And hale physique like gold should be appraised,  
 'T is one of kindly Heaven's rich legacies ;  
 'T is working capital sans interest raised,  
 Like some bequest from generous kin that dies.

Life's freshmen, oft by cruel fortune hazed,  
 And oft encountering giant tasks that rise,  
 Need athlete vigor in the lengthened strife,  
 To quit them proudly on the stage of life.

Strength waxes mightier when 't is given due play,  
 With mind or body equal rule applies ;  
 The young bird's wings this simple law obey,  
 The tongue of song upon its truth relies.  
 Imagination glows with warmer ray  
 As forth on restless wing she boldly flies,  
 The will even weakens, when it idle grows,  
 And scarce can ward temptation's direful throes.

Sound bodies are the price of prudent care,  
 Excess of pleasure robs the frame of nerve ;  
 Due rest, full sustenance, and heaven's sweet air,  
 With toil, right tonics for man's nature serve.  
 Firm health insures the brain more concepts rare,  
 Hence wisdom bids to nature's laws observe.  
 Man's wondrous, finely complicated frame,  
 May well some measure of his prudence claim.

The Greeks reared hale physiques and hence had store  
 Of brilliant genius for their pains, and fame  
 Of glorious deeds immortalized their shore.  
 There sculptors, orators, of deathless name,  
 There poets, painters, conned their studies o'er,  
 And architects that reared the marble frame,

To bide the waste of twenty centuries gone,  
Which spare to wondering gaze the matchless  
Parthenon.

Our age demands success, but what that is,  
In life's sublime and glory-burdened scene,  
Depends on what folk's varied fancies please ;  
The gain of gold, or sounding fame, or e'en  
The meaner lust of ennui-breeding ease,  
Or pedestals of power the throngs to sway,  
Or never-ceasing rounds of pleasure ; these  
Allure and beckon with hope's quenchless ray.  
Greatness is for the few, the millions rest  
Content with less renown at cheaper rate ;  
'Tis well there were not room for all abreast  
To stand in foremost rank ; the cultured great  
Must have an audience to admire, and yield  
Them worthy fame ; the endless toil to attain  
Acknowledged merit in their chosen field  
Of art entitles them to honored gain.

'Tis more to merit than achieve success,  
So noble Cato read the fateful stars ;  
Fortune not always does her votaries bless  
With honor, fame, and wealth of golden bars ;  
The bravest life some evil chance may blight,  
As hail and cyclones lay the harvests waste ;  
Exceptions these, yet none the less they smite,  
And fairest hopes with disappointment blast.



The man endeavoring with heroic heart  
 To act his noblest in the maze of life,  
 Yet more deserves if hope's bright beams depart,  
 And leave but memory of his faithful strife.  
 So Toussaint L'Ouverture, heroic name,  
 Should in immortal stanzas shine complete,  
 As one deserving of illustrious fame,  
 Though doomed by foulest treachery to defeat.

And mighty Wallace aimed with giant stroke,  
 Nerved by oppression's sting of burning glow,  
 To free his country from a tyrant's yoke,  
 But base-born treason sold him to the foe.  
 These merited success, but found reverse,  
 As counts the world, by things at par with gold,  
 But kindly hearts their glories will rehearse,  
 As ancient bards sang kingly deeds of old.

Earth's glittering names of eminent renown  
 Stand forth in sparing numbers, yet behind  
 Them myriads of brave, noble lives unknown  
 To fame there be, of natures heaven-refined,  
 Thus may the twinkling stars be summed, that show  
 In night's blue arch to the unaided sight,  
 While scanned through telescope the heavens do glow  
 To endless depths with flaming orbs of light.

The work one loves is fittest to pursue,  
 And make a lifelong passion glowing bright,

Since magic love makes labor pastime true,  
 And shameful drudgery changes to delight.  
 So Jacob toiled, his Rachel fair in sight,  
 So men the hill of science fondly climb,  
 Nor heed the roughness of the toilsome height,  
 Nor heed the vanishing of youthful prime,  
 Exultant in the pleasing sense of well-spent time.

No youth can well achieve an honored place  
 Among mankind without some destined aim;  
 If only medium talents do his nature grace,  
 From sterling worth will grow an envied name.  
 They who aspire some loftier end to claim,  
 With elements of greatness in the soul  
 That point along the rough ascent of fame,  
 Have early need to fix upon their goal,  
 Like seamen, ere the snowy canvas they unroll.

A derelict wild floating o'er the wave,  
 Seeking no haven, freighted to no shore,  
 Her hapless crew whelmed in a watery grave,  
 Her cargo strown the raging billows o'er,  
 Like grain far scattered by the lavish sower,  
 Might mirror well the youth with aimless soul,  
 Seeking no prosperous isle whereat to moor,  
 If life's rough waves should round him threatening  
     roll  
 To wreck his headlong bark on some unsignalled  
     shoal.

Persistency in effort wins success ;  
 In this Columbus shines a beacon bright.  
 No ills could daunt him, no defeats repress,  
 Nor threatening crew, nor Bobadilla's spite.  
 Still on he urged, as with a prophet's sight,  
 To reach the glory of his lifelong quest ;  
 An embryo world thereat burst forth to light,  
 For ages long in barbarous night oppressed,  
 Now blessed with wondrous arts, with blooming cities  
     blessed.

Had this great heart given o'er his darling aim  
 For mountain ills that in his front arose,  
 World-history then had closed without his name,  
 And freedom still had slumbered in repose ;  
 While haughty tyranny, bereft of foes,  
 Had longer swayed the cowering tribes of earth,  
 Through worlds as queen magnificent to pose.  
 To such great deeds this single trait gives birth,  
 And adds to kindred qualities redoubled worth.

To persevere in humbler spheres no less  
 Commands due recompense, if less renown.  
 Perchance ill happenings may delay success ;  
 And yet with life's fleet hour-glass half run down,  
 If prosperous years the residue shall crown,  
 'Tis better than a whole career fled past,  
 In tamely yielding to Dame Fortune's frown ;  
 Brave souls will battle onward to the last,  
 Like gallant barks that boldly face the cyclone's blast.

Industrious habits please the very gods ;  
 A father prides him on a useful son,  
 And daughters of few idle hours applauds.  
 With kindred attributes inspired, the One  
 Above must look with pleasure on the abodes  
 Of busy men, and all their hands have done  
 To bless and beautify the blooming earth,  
 And give its myriad shining cities birth.

What wondrous picture does the whole present,  
 As o'er it wide the mental flash-light sweeps.  
 There giant vessels from far nations sent,  
 Whose wealthy freight, by steam unlading, heaps  
 The groaning pier, with outbound cargoes blent ;  
 There slowly round the ragged mountain creeps  
 The laboring train of goodly merchandise,  
 Here one with human freightage thundering flies.

There cities with fair blooming suburbs shine,  
 Of every country's model, style, and hue ;  
 Here ruined castles vine-wreathed deck the Rhine,  
 There Egypt's titan relics maze the view ;  
 There mountains covered with the clustering vine,  
 Like those in Eschal's sunny vale that grew ;  
 There orange groves in glossy green and gold,  
 And endless views of glorious things untold.

Such are the works that human hands achieve ;  
 Happy the youth who bears a part therein,

Aspiring here some token fair to leave,  
 Showing hereafter what his worth has been.  
 What shall the coming century receive  
 Of brighter glory than our eyes have seen,  
 Except the rising generation lays  
 Foundations fair through their industrious ways ?

Courage is not for fields of blood alone,  
 In all life's wondrous labyrinths 't is required  
 To dare and do the thing that must be done,  
 With venturous hope and true ambition fired.  
 Men oft have talents to themselves unknown,  
 Yet fear to attempt the manly end desired ;  
 So many a might-be victory dies unwon,  
 Like Early's futile raid on Washington.

The coward is a sluggard at the core ;  
 He shirks the preparation for great deeds,  
 Preferring still to rest the idle oar,  
 Dull victim to the tide, like floating weeds.  
 Patience in courage moves it to the fore,  
 Like Bruce's spider, as the story reads ;  
 A thousand failures, still the work goes on,  
 Through endless buffets till the triumph's won.  
 'T is well to measure one's apparent power  
 Before attempting deeds of great import ;  
 But strength redoubles in the exciting hour,  
 As soldiers frenzied take the strongest fort,

Before which cooler breasts might justly cower,  
 Amid the thunders issuing from each port.  
 Upon this margin daring men succeed,  
 Where timid natures shun the venturous deed.

Brave men can rightly act unmoved by scorn,  
 Like Marlborough on his path to Blenheim's fray,  
 Beset by carping generals night and morn,  
 Intent his well timed wondrous march to stay,  
 Puffed with conceit, of modest manners shorn,  
 Censuring a chief tenfold more skilled than they ;  
 But he returning courteous toned reply,  
 Kept on to win his world-famed victory.

So mighty Luther, dauntless 'gainst the world,  
 From post defensive to reformer rose,  
 'Gainst Tetsil and his hordes defiance hurled,  
 And lived and flourished mid a realm of foes ;  
 Raising a standard to all time unfurled,  
 Like that o'er Freedom's broadening fields that glows,  
 Child of heroic courage, fair and hale,  
 And tameless as the storm-wind's rushing gale.

Chance opportunity oft makes the man,  
 Or opes arenas for his latent power,  
 And gives him passage to the illustrious van  
 Of leaders in a nation's trying hour.  
 A modest soldier ere our war began,  
 The greatest war since man left Eden's bower,

In business marts found fortune hard to gain,  
His slumbering genius suited not that plane.

At length the martial trumpet blew to arms,  
Then battle fury overswept the land ;  
The patriot spirit woke at war's alarms,  
Each town and city raised its eager band,  
A thousand chieftains moved by battle's charms,  
Led each with knightly pride his brave command ;  
A mighty host swept onward to the war  
Like bursting floods from some vast reservoir.

Many the triumphs which our cohorts won  
Against a valiant and determined foe,  
And many lost, disheartened, and o'erthrown.  
Wild ran the waves of hope, now high, now low,  
Defeats here quenched the nation's courage down,  
At victory there new waves of valor flow ;  
Like fire in cities, here washed out, it dies,  
There, bursting forth again, illumines the skies.

Our modest soldier, skilled in warlike deed,  
But not in eloquence to win his way,  
Long offered service in his country's need,  
But cold indifference met, till on a day  
It chanced a friendly word gave him good speed,  
A word from one whose tongue had ampler sway,  
And who the soldier's hidden merit knew ;  
Thenceforth apace his fame and fortune grew.



Our slow-tongued hero rose from star to star,  
 A major-general's badge ere long he wore ;  
 Him glorious Lincoln chose to crush the war,  
 By one fell, deadly grasp, which half a score  
 Of chieftains had assayed, and failed afar.  
 This one, with mental scope to cover o'er  
 Like eagle's glance from cliff the whole extent  
 Of raging strife, calmly his efforts bent  
 To smite the desperate foe on every side,  
 And pressed him firmly till rebellion died.

No grander name bedecks the glittering scroll  
 Of earthly fame through the long list sublime,  
 That centuries old and nations brave in soul  
 Have graven there ; the endless flow of time  
 Shall but increase his glory as the roll  
 Of long, eventful ages moves, and rhyme  
 And history's faithful page his deeds shall place  
 With latest generations of our race.

In humbler ways an opportune event,  
 If boldly seized, may lead to prosperous fate,  
 Or speed the path of fortune's rough ascent,  
 Where else the journey might be long and late.  
 Albeit 't were vain in idleness content,  
 Micawber-like such chances to await ;  
 Sir tortoise won the goal by steady pace,  
 While nimbler hare, o'erslumbering, met disgrace.

The charm of courtesy sure aid imparts  
 To one who seeks a prosperous life career ;  
 It wins a multitude of friendly hearts  
 To sympathize in joy, mid ills to cheer.  
 A wealth of kindly words at one's command  
 Oft casts the balance on the doubtful scale,  
 And turns the card of fortune to his hand,  
 When to a churlish tongue success would fail

The world wants acquiescence in affairs  
 Where nought is said important to oppose ;  
 Brag, who disputes each predicate he hears,  
 Is simply boasting how much more he knows  
 Than does the one whose statement he denies,  
 And gains foul reputation for conceit,  
 And scorn of wiser minds, — a meagre prize  
 To recompense for loss of friendships sweet.

'Tis heavenly wise to cure the dangerous tongue  
 Of bitter speech ; sharp words like daggers wound  
 The spirit through, inflicting endless wrong ;  
 They breed avenging enemies around,  
 Who may at season most unwelcome rise.  
 Scornful, abusive language more degrades  
 Its author than the mark, so wrote the wise  
 Carlyle ; the courteous tongue such shame evades.

The brilliant Galileo, who among  
 The shining stars careered in worthy fame,

With all his genius had a bitter tongue,  
 That dimmed at times his else illustrious name,  
 And heaped sad ills around his later days,  
 Through scornful tones and rage of wordy strife,  
 Which lost him liberty, that gentler ways  
 Had spared, and well-nigh closed his noble life.

'T was said that Choate, the eloquent, addressed  
 Each man as if he were a gentleman,  
 And every gentleman, stranger or guest,  
 As though to lady fair his converse ran.  
 Thus courteous was this man of brilliant speech,  
 Whose tongue enthralled each listening multitude ;  
 His high career may well a lesson teach  
 To shun the fault of word or manners rude.

In threescore years and ten is room for strange  
 Vicissitude to flow, and wondrous change ;  
 The rolling years bring unexpected rise  
 And fall of fortune's fluctuating wave.  
 To-day my prospects lift me to the skies,  
 Another morn my hopes are in the grave ;  
 But yet again the changing tide may swell,  
 And all my first expectancy excel.

The lesson taught is never to despair,  
 But forward press with manly zeal and care,  
 Nor waste the product of a prosperous day  
 In hope of what to-morrow may restore,

Alike the Prodigal who cast away  
 His heritage for scenes he must deplore ;  
 Not every youth with vicious comrades classed,  
 In lavish paths comes out so well at last.

Some men indeed are fortunately born,  
 With prospects ever glowing as the morn ;  
 Have they rich-freighted vessels on the main,  
 Safely through storms, past foamy reefs, they steer,  
 And bounding on, the destined harbor gain,  
 To heap their cargoes on the welcome pier.  
 If ventures on the land their fancy please,  
 They reach supreme success with equal ease.

But natures born neath less propitious stars  
 Must count on coming change in life's affairs,  
 Perchance for better, mayhap for the worse,  
 And preparation make most provident,  
 With heaven to aid, against unknown reverse ;  
 That when with age, and lengthened warfare bent,  
 The wolf in vain may haunt the sheltered door,  
 Where thrift and frugal care hold ample store.

Of strange vicissitude an instance rare  
 Was Dame de Maintenon, who starlike rose  
 From stable-sweep, in gentle girlhood fair,  
 To sit a beauteous Empress, and dispose  
 The destinies of brilliant France, and share  
 Its glory with the king, who wisely chose

Her for his wedded bride. Her sovereign will  
Thence three decades the nation did fulfil.

The child D'Aubigne named, of prison birth,  
But goodly parentage, at sweet sixteen  
Was wed to Scarron, prince of wit and mirth,  
In whose career she rose a social queen ;  
Parisian élite prized her peerless worth,  
Her wisdom, virtue, and attractive mien ;  
At Scarron's early death her social powers  
Won her admittance to the regal bowers.

In twelve years governess within his home  
The king by sure degrees her merit learned ;  
He found in her a more than pleasure-loom,  
Ere long true love within his bosom burned.  
No longer flatterers in his heart had room,  
As to her pure companionship he turned ;  
Yet all his royal dalliance she denied,  
Until, love driven, he made the dame his bride.

Thenceforth her fame was like the morning star ;  
From strength to strength she grew as time rolled by.  
She founded schools, bestowed her gifts afar,  
And queenly kindness with her power did vie ;  
Her councils guided, or in peace, or war,  
And on her genius statesmen dared rely ;  
Yet strange to say, late bigotry became  
Her grave mistake, that dimmed a lustrous name.

Honor is like a crown to manhood's brow,  
 The youth who wears it guards his plighted vow ;  
 He rules his action with a regal sway,  
 His word is trusted like a coin of gold.  
 Not politics can tempt him aught astray,  
 Epaminondas like, in story old,  
 Who shunned the meeting with the traitorous ring,  
 Although himself elected as their king.

Man is not half a man, of honor reft ;  
 Elide this kingly virtue, nought is left  
 For friend or lover fair to anchor on,  
 Like drifting bark on ocean's wild abyss.  
 Where he will land when storm-pressed is unknown,  
 Or whither plunge when tempters lure amiss ;  
 With Machiavellian instincts in his breast,  
 He finds excuse for deeds that please him best.

The age of chivalry in feudal times,  
 Of knightly honor and impromptu rhymes,  
 Was not without a value to our kind,  
 When just emerging from barbarian night,  
 Wherein life's gentler manners were resigned ;  
 Then Knighthood rose, a ray of clearer light,  
 And schools of honor bred, a thing of need,  
 And impulse gave to nobler thought and deed.

Those times romantic left a wave behind  
 That Don Quixote's folly could not bind ;

Flowed on the tide in broadening currents turned,  
 And grander instincts roused in lowliest men ;  
 Bourgeois and peasants knightly manners learned,  
 And life's uprising genius breathed again.  
 The wave needs yet to flow refining still,  
 And every youth with princely honor fill.

Decision it behooves one much to prize ;  
 'T is like an anchor holding to some shore.  
 A sudden change of tenets is not wise,  
 Take ample time to con the subject o'er.  
 Young Elsmere should have waited twenty years,  
 Ere giving up his inbred, settled creed,  
 That wrecked his blissful home, a coward's need,  
 And left him floating still mid doubts and fears.

Wendover sowed foul tares within his mind,  
 And since he could not solve the questions filed,  
 He broke from moorings, and the fickle wind  
 Of half-grown, shifting science drove him wild.  
 What scientists to-day sure truth proclaim,  
 To-morrow new discoverers deny ;  
 These, and their proofs, another school defy,  
 And last, agnostics write the whole a sham.

Hence court decision, that will hold somewhere,  
 And doubt your doubts, or fling them to the wind ;  
 Till safer paths appear, rest where you are,  
 Nor trust to guides, demens or color-blind.



If doubtful in some life-work that may rise,  
 Cast your own mental search-light o'er the theme ;  
 Save other lights far more illuming gleam,  
 To trust one's own best reason must be wise.

Belief is something modestly to teach ;  
 The minstrel deems it scarce within his reach.  
 A single predicate he dares advance,  
 Perhaps a second, with the critic's lief ;  
 When through the long world-history we glance,  
 With quickened mental vision, to perceive  
 What gospels through the changing years abide,  
 But one survives time's all-erasing tide.

The Koran is for semi-barbarous lands,  
 For Nubian deserts, Araby's red sands ;  
 No polished nation gives it second thought.  
 Gautama and the Vedas millions heed,  
 Yet these with western culture pass for nought,  
 Like Thales' aqueous world-producing creed ;  
 The Greeks were learned, brilliant, wisely bred,  
 But their long famed theology is dead.

The Hebrew gospel still endures sublime,  
 Through all the ruinous debris of time ;  
 Agnostics, carping critics, rail in vain ;  
 Wendovers, Tindales, mock and pass away,  
 Wondering to see the Pentateuch remain,  
 And Job's bright fame with undiminished ray,

Despite the sad mistakes, full oft arrayed,  
Which fond, though erring, advocates have made.

The second commendation of this word  
Rests in the well-known benefits conferred ;  
It lessens crime by more than legal awe,  
Sustains its faithful votaries in dread hours,  
Demands pure justice in the realm of law,  
Debased communities to thrift restores,  
Exalts a nation in its every breath,  
Gives peace in life, and boundless hope in death.

The golden Autumn-time of life's long day,  
Blest with sweet memories of the scenes gone by,  
And rich in actual joy, seems far away  
From bounding, youthful hearts ; as yet they sigh  
Not for its peaceful rest, their eager eyes  
The dazzling present fills, what lacks at hand  
The early future to fond hope supplies,  
Glowing before them like Elysian land.

But later, manhood more serenely views  
The grateful rest and holiday of age ;  
Worn with the cares each newborn day renews,  
Through lengthened years of life's more busy stage,  
Some ease and respite not unwelcome seem  
Along the remnant of his earthbound days,  
As pleasantly upon quick fancy beam  
The golden glories round life's sunset rays.

Sweet is the pathos deep that haunts the vale  
 Of restful age, as memory oft reviews  
 The friendly past, where bygone prospects hail  
 The mental sight, and join in mingling hues  
 With new surroundings no less bright and fair ;  
 The tuneful birds remain, the babbling rill  
 Helps feed a shining reservoir, and there,  
 Toil-bound, impels the miller's splashing wheel.

The country farm, where many happy years  
 With whilom friends and lovers have been passed,  
 Before o'erflowing suburbs disappears,  
 To crowded city thoroughfares recast,  
 With stately church and dwelling closely lined,  
 And not a vestige bides of rural scene,  
 Save where a shading grove is left behind,  
 Or near the old church ground, the village green.

Friends too are changed, sweet lives in memory stored  
 Are scattered far, or fallen among the dead ;  
 What friends, what lovers lost, full long deplored !  
 Still thought upon as joys untimely fled,  
 Like lingering fancies of a blissful dream ;  
 Can such fond ties, such soul-cementing bands  
 Forever sundered be ? Hearts will not deem  
 Heaven's Sovereign so unjust to love's demands.

With kindlier heart the man of age serene  
 The wayward follies of earth's throng surveys,

Softened and mellowed by long discipline  
 Of years not all o'erpassed in festive days,  
 Nor all endured with gentle patience by,  
 Nor all victorious years, so swiftly gone.  
 What conflicts with life's ills behind him lie,  
 What faults o'er mastered there, what virtues won !

What mounting up was there to manlier ways  
 Of life, above the hates and servile fear  
 And petty rivalries of earlier days,  
 That oft in youth like haunting wraiths appear !  
 The retrospect of life is peaceful now,  
 The past hath taught him lessons worth the pain ;  
 And dangerous scenes his feet have journeyed  
     through  
 Leave small desire to pass that way again.

Grateful to take at length the well-earned rest  
 And holiday of age long diligence  
 Of years provides to faithful toil, and blessed  
 With health, of temperate life the recompense,  
 He bides, a calm spectator of the world  
 Around, with helping hand for wise reforms,  
 And view sublime, like eagle's, pinions furled,  
 On some high cliff, eyried above the storms.

1896

## MEMORIES OF AUSTIN CORBIN.

BY A COMRADE OF HIS BOYHOOD.

What power in mortals Genius oft unfolds,  
The heights of human glory Genius holds ;  
From whate'er elements the charm is made,  
No man achieves great deeds without its aid.

Notice that boy of twelve in yonder train  
Of gleeful skaters on the slippery plain ;  
No signs denote him wiser than his mates ;  
He little dreams himself what life awaits  
Beyond youth's joyous days. Others around  
Him there will delve as tillers of the ground ;  
Some rise to more ambitious fields of strife,  
For wealth or power ; one will be blind through life ;  
One drowned, alas, in manhood's early bloom ;  
Crushed neath a falling tree one waits his doom.

This lad's bequest was what he gained at school,  
Like other boys, with no diviner rule  
Than close attention to the work in hand,  
As men cull jewels from the washen sand.  
With this inheritance he launched abroad,  
Like Jacob empty handed on life's road,  
To gain what fortune to her votaries pays  
For faithful work through long, laborious days.

Nothing yet signalled forth his coming power,  
 Unless the will to do presaged the hour ;  
 For humblest deeds were not beneath his aim,  
 At which he wrought till worthier prospects came.  
 Soon fruitful opportunities arose  
 Along his venturous path from which he chose  
 Unerringly, with prompt dispatch and bold,  
 And changed their possibilities to gold.

Men of his time had splendid gifts in war,  
 In peaceful arts, in science varied lore ;  
 His fort was finance, building up waste shores  
 And ruined transit lines with bankrupt scores ;  
 Or changing deserts into gardens fair  
 Where folks resort to breath the healthful air.  
 Sea-fronts were waiting for his coming hand  
 To clear a passage to their tempting strand,  
 Where pleasant dwellings will spring up around,  
 And by the flowing sea sweet rest be found.

Railways were waiting for his magic force  
 To raise them helpless from their downward course,  
 Where faulty management had let them sink,  
 And left them worthless laid at ruin's brink.  
 His skilful touch transforms their fallen lines,  
 Until the region traversed by them shines  
 With prosperous settlements and marts of trade,  
 While shining cities whilom wastes invade.

Such noble works received due mead of gain,  
 And filled his coffers with their golden grain,  
 Till many millions named their shining store  
 An honor to the princely factor's power.

Now fifty years and more have passed away  
 Since I stood with him on that skating day ;  
 I was the one to lifelong darkness doomed,  
 And live to mourn my worthier mates entombed.  
 Who could have guessed that thoughtless boy of glee  
 Would e'er achieve such kingly destiny ?  
 But Genius grew within him as he wrought,  
 And each new effort new endowment brought,  
 As strength in athletes by exertion sought.  
 How different our careers in life have been !  
 He ever on the topmost wave serene  
 Of fortune's tide, I drifting helmless on  
 'Mid baffling seas, like some forgotten one.

Ah, here begins the pathos of the theme, —  
 His cruel death, — Oh, would it were a dream !  
 From which, awaking, one rejoices well  
 To find that in his sleep no harm befell.  
 'T was like his life, no tame event at close ;  
 But oh, how many hearts it whelmed with woes !  
 To know their loved one snatched from life away  
 In such fierce jaws of death, a bleeding prey.  
 Dashed, mangled, senseless, on that fatal wall,  
 Ne'er to arouse until the angel's call.



What love-born ties were rudely sundered then !  
What aching hearts yearned for that smile again,  
And that loved voice to hear, now hushed for aye,  
Which yester-morn pronounced his last good-by.  
Long will the memory of his presence bide,  
Like fragrant balm to soothe the tearful tide  
Which still must flow — kind Nature's sweet relief —  
Till time and Heaven assuage the mighty grief.

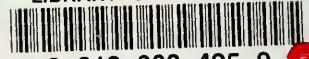
FINIS.

Oct 2 1901

SEP 12 1901



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 360 425 9

